

Week ending December 11 1948

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

BBV
HOW M.I.5 WORKS

by CLAUD MORRIS

WHEN TO WORRY ABOUT DRINKING

by FRANCIS CHAMBERS



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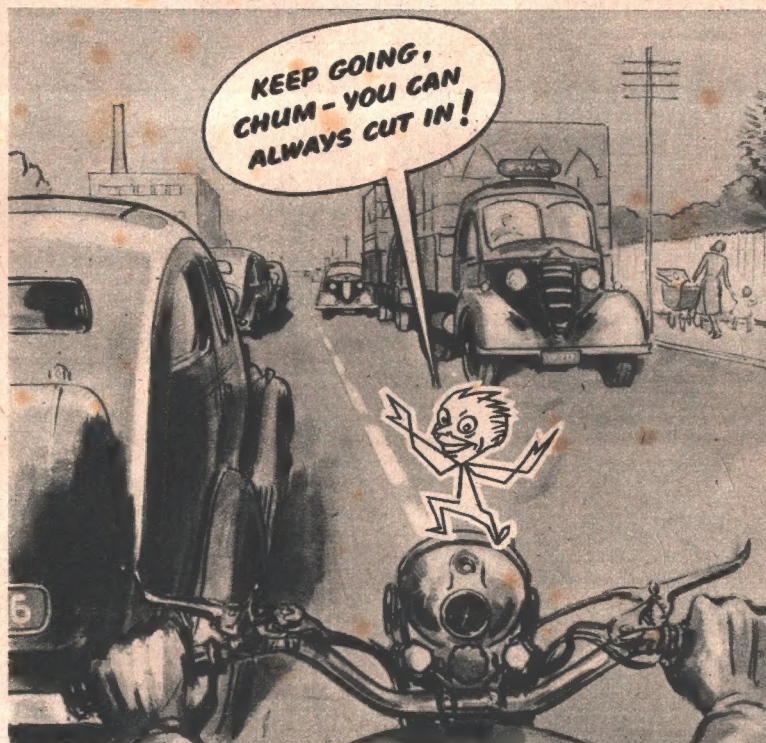
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It's the Traffic Jim that eggs people on, urges them to take risks.
He kills some 5,000 road-users a year, and injures 160,000.

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37A

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Sprains. 2/3 including Pur-
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"Two-Way" Treatment
at first symptoms



1. GARGLE OFTEN WITH T.C.P.

At the very first symptoms, start gargling and also rinse out the nostrils every few hours with diluted T.C.P. This treatment tackles the infection at its source. At the same time it rapidly relieves throat soreness and clears clogged nostrils.



2. TAKE SMALL DOSES OF T.C.P.

Three times a day, drink a teaspoonful of T.C.P. in water. These doses help to clear the system of the Cold toxins (poisons) that cause feverishness. It is this extra internal action that checks Colds so quickly.

Get T.C.P. from your Chemist, 1/7d & 3/9d including Tax.



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"...the sound of the rain on the tent, like fingers tapping to come in, and the mountains lit by lightning. It was over by dawn, but I couldn't sleep again, so I walked down to the lakeside and smoked a cigarette. I remembered how you used to take me fishing for tiddlers when I was a boy, and wished you were here with me now to share this fisherman's paradise..."



A LETTER is you speaking from the heart. Not a sheet of notepaper with writing on it, but the way you think, the way you are.

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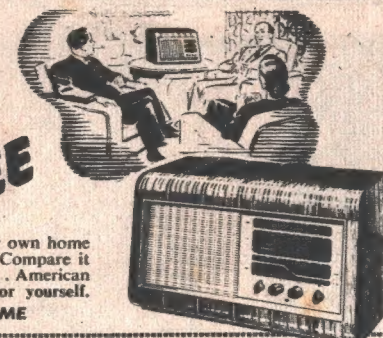
In tubes and jars, whichever you prefer, 1/6d.



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Radio sets grow old. Tone quality and sensitivity deteriorate so gradually that the ear is deceived... until you hear your old set working side-by-side with a modern, high efficiency set. NOW IS YOUR CHANCE! You can have a new K-B in your own home for a few days free of charge and free of obligation. Compare it with your old set... try it on British... Continental... American... Australian programmes. Hear the difference for yourself.

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Beecham's
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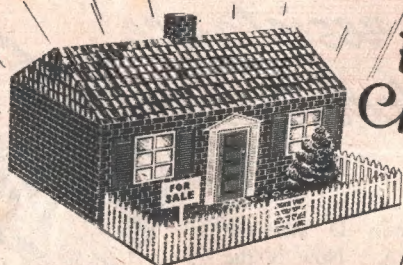
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★ It is a well-made house with door and windows that open; with a garden and a fence that you can cut out and build. It measures 12 x 7 x 6 inches, and is beautifully coloured.

★ It contains ten standard-sized products from the Slipco household range. Their combined retail prices total 12/6. The house is free for the children. Please order early to avoid the Christmas rush.

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DECEMBER 11, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2215

That Extra Six Months

HOWEVER NECESSARY IT MAY BE, the extra six months in the Forces does mean to many young men a further six months away from job, home, career, and civilian opportunity.

Britain is, in fact, asking of her young men a great sacrifice. For this reason alone, the actual conditions of conscript military service should be thoroughly examined and made as reasonable as possible.

The six-months period abroad must carry with it proper safeguards. Moral and physical welfare must be properly looked after.

More than that, as all the youth of the country, before coming into industry or the professions, must now pass through Army hands, the young conscripts, in addition to learning the 1-2-3 of defence, should be taught the significance of citizenship and be in every way fitted for life when they come out.

Mr. Shinwell, as Secretary for War, has already done a lot for the physical well-being of the young recruit. He should now realize that the extra six months of service can either be a great drudge—or a worthwhile experience. He should therefore turn his attention to the "mental health" of the citizen army, so that no young man feels that a further six months in the services is merely, and unfortunately, a matter of "marking time" while the rest of the world rolls by.

Action on Milk

WE WELCOME THE NEW Milk Bill, because too often in the past a bottle of milk, symbol of good health if there ever was one, has meant an unnecessary, hidden risk for the consumer.

Between 1,500 and 2,000 people a year have died from bovine tuberculosis in this country. More than twenty times that number of people yearly have been infected by T.B. through dirty milk.

At present, only seventy per cent of Britain's milk can be regarded as completely "safe."

The new Bill will have the effect, over the next five years, of cleaning up dairy herds, wiping out the scourge of T.B. in cattle, and seeing to it that most of our milk is properly pasteurized for safety.

Here is action at last on a health risk to which the ordinary families of Britain should not be submitted.

South Africa's "India"

THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT of the Union of South Africa is behaving in a way which outrages the principles of the British Commonwealth.

We in Britain need not and do not grumble because Dr. Malan and his colleagues pursue an anti-British policy, thinly disguised with polite words.

But we are entitled to protest when they persecute racial minorities within their own frontiers.

The proposed attack on South Africa's quarter million citizens of

Indian descent deserves the strongest possible condemnation from London and the other Commonwealth capitals.

The white Nationalists now in the saddle at Pretoria aim, they say, at "reducing the Indian population to a minimum." They therefore propose to get rid of many South African "Indians," who live mostly in the province of Natal.

But out of every ten so-called Indians in South Africa, nine were born there, are Union citizens, and have as much right to be there as Dr. Malan himself.

To exile them from their own country by sending them to India or Pakistan would be just as barbarous and meaningless as sending the Boers back to Holland, whence their ancestors came.

Slaughter of Innocents

SOME OF THE BIRDS now being offered for sale as food are entirely outside the provisions of normal killing and marketing.

In some country towns poulterers, finding that people will eat almost anything when meat is short, offer thrushes, blackbirds, plover, rooks, pigeons and almost any bird that a man with a shotgun or a snare can kill.

Even if it were legal, we cannot afford the indiscriminate slaughter of many wild birds which are essential to agriculture and should be preserved.

We can eat pigeons with a clear conscience. They destroy crops and do no good. We can eat fruit-robbing blackbirds, though most people prefer to hear their beautiful song.

But the lapwing, often known as plover or peewit, is the farmer's friend, tirelessly seeking out insect pests and leaving our crops alone.

The lapwing is protected by law. If you eat the bird or the egg you can be prosecuted. Anyway—don't!

These birds, by helping to hold the balance of nature against insect pests and other vermin, play an enormously important part in farming, now so vital to our national recovery.

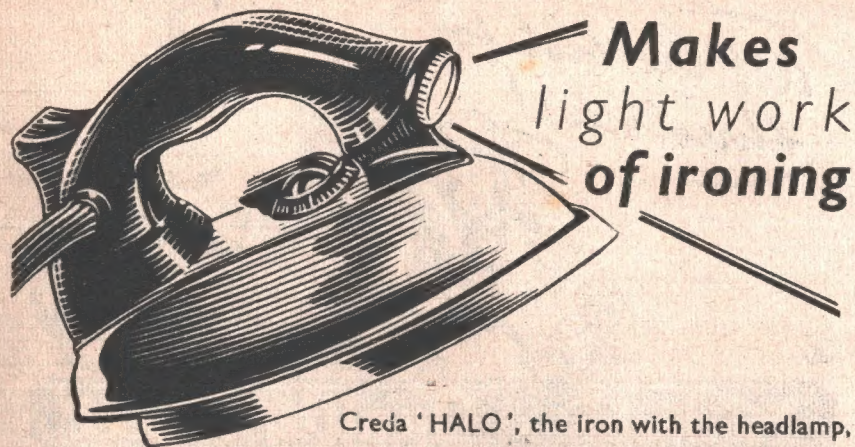
Curb on Youth Clubs

ONE ANSWER TO THE rising figures of juvenile delinquency is better youth club accommodation, where young fellows can come in off the streets and interest themselves in hobbies, debates and careers.

Unfortunately, the Ministry of Education limits its financial grants to youth clubs for boys over school age. Yet every youth leader is aware that the ideal age for a boy to start club life is nine or ten.

Voluntary leaders of youth clubs are, under such conditions, powerless to help the younger boys of the country, because without Government aid they cannot provide the necessary leaders and instructors.

The Ministry of Education could now, in fact, do a lot to decrease the "crime wave" if it made the necessary grants to clubs which could attract younger boys before they were caught up in the street and "spiv" life of large towns.



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light work
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Creda 'HALO', the iron with the headlamp, lights every fold even when you iron in your own shadow. The heat you dial is the heat you get, automatically. The tapered, super-heated toe searches right beneath buttons and rapidly smooths the material. Well-balanced 'Halo' glides along and doesn't interfere with your radio or television

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A COMPANY

have a glass of V.P WINE

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(She'd like one too!)

Here's good news. You can enjoy the luxury of 14 glasses of really fine wine from every bottle of V.P. It's very good value for a very modest outlay.



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9/6 a bottle—
take one home tonight

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20,000,000
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*Easy as rolling your hair up in curlers...
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REMEMBER! Ask for Toni—the only home perm used by over 20,000,000 American women. De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only 16/8. Refill Kit 8/4. (Prices include purchase tax.)

Give yourself

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dispelled
HEADACHES
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Soothed Away
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**VEL GETS RID OF
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*In the
NEW HANDY tin*

Get VEL from your SCOURINE dealer

M.I.5

Is it a Gestapo?
Who's in charge?
How does it work?
Is it necessary?

by **CLAUD MORRIS**

RECENTLY, QUESTIONS have been asked in Parliament and at many public meetings about the romantic and sometimes dreaded numerals M.I.5. Civil Service union leaders are still protesting vigorously about the use of M.I.5 in the present "purge" being carried on throughout Government offices.

Military Intelligence No. 5 is part of the War Office, and is concerned with the security of the State.

Its job is perfectly straightforward: to stop agents of foreign Powers, or even misguided Britons, from wittingly or unwittingly transmitting the secrets of this country to any country abroad, whether that country be hostile, neutral or even friendly.

M.I.5 ran the traitor hunt at the war's end. It picked up that nervous, shy London University professor, Alan Nunn May, as he was finishing a lecture at King's College in the Strand.

It was an M.I.5 aircraft which transported William Joyce from Germany to London, the Old Bailey and a hangman's rope.

Roughly 900 active members of the British Communist Party and about 10,000 others whom M.I.5 puts under the heading "fellow travellers" have been under a complete check-up since last March. M.I.5 has also kept a fairly complete dossier of the private and public views of our home-bred Fascists, with whom, because of the war, it has a close acquaintanceship.

Who are the men of M.I.5 and what can be said about them? M.I.5 is something like mysticism. It can be revealed, but not always explained.

Contact with G-men

The man in charge of this British Secret Service is called Sir Percy Sillitoe. This last year he has spent a bit of time in Washington, conferring with Mr. Edgar Hoover, of the F.B.I. Today the two forces work more closely together than ever before. During the summer American chiefs have also been paying Sir Percy a return visit in London.

He moves around the world with great facility, often setting up what may be considered a speed record for global personal appearances. Part of this year he spent in Australia, checking on security arrangements among Government employes there. But unlike, for instance, Hoover, he does not court publicity. In 1946, when he got his job, he said: "It is a big job, but I think I can tackle it."

There has not been a word from him publicly since. Sillitoe is a linguist, and most of the men who work with him speak four or five languages, their chief qualification. He is now fifty-nine, but as far back as 1926 the people of Sheffield knew him as their chief constable.

His chief characteristic is that of a man who is capable day and night of think-

ing of what he wants, and getting it. Up in Glasgow between the wars, as a police officer, he was responsible for smashing the gangsters, smashing them ruthlessly and thoroughly in a manner which marked him down as a person of reputation, among both lawful and lawless.

The hobby of this Foreman of Counter-Espionage is knocking a small ball around a golf course. He is quietly humorous and often thinks people attach a great deal too much significance to his work. "An unfortunately necessary job," he says. That's all.

For the work of his department Parliament allots him something more than two and a half million pounds a year. This is a big increase over prewar. In those days the figure of half a million pounds appeared in official estimates as "The Cost of Central Government"—which is the official wording for each year's allotment of cash to M.I.5.

No Income Tax

The lowest acting rank of an M.I.5 officer is that of major. Today the basic pay of an infantry major, with allowances, is about £520 a year, but the majors of M.I.5 draw allowances of about £1,200 a year. Their salary is paid in cash. Detailed expense sheets are not normally requested.

Some of the men under Sir Percy Sillitoe have such secret jobs that they do in fact pay no income tax.

At the same time there are about a dozen women who act as confidential clerks of M.I.5, and these women, too, are paid in cash. Their names do not appear on any list of Government employees.

Most of the work of these people comes under the heading of "security." There may, in theory, be people whose job it is to crawl in and out through holes in Iron Curtains, but, in fact, such individuals exist chiefly in films. The average M.I.5 operative, if you put him among a crowd of actors like Rex Harrison or Robert Donat, would be as conspicuous as a fly in milk.

The job of the operative is often not so much to go into action when leaks occur, as to prevent leaks happening.

During the war some of our parachutists were training for the Second Front, near Newbury. M.I.5 sent down a band of young women whose job it was to frequent local pubs and clubs, and to "try" to obtain details from the 600 men and thirty-five officers in camp.

These girls were by no means nylonated, orchidaceous carbon copies of Patricia Roc. They were ordinary working girls, most of whom did not fully know by whom they were employed. As a result, however, one or two young soldiers are still, perhaps, mystified as to why they were transferred to other units.

"Security" work can cover any number of activities. Recently, and because of the widespread interest in the use of



The Chief: Sir Percy Sillitoe, fifty-nine, capable, "quietly humorous"

atomic energy, several atom scientists have been invited to speak at public meetings. Wherever they spoke M.I.5 men sat in the audience.

After a number of these meetings M.I.5 began to realize that apparently innocent questions put to the speaker from the audience *might* be important. Suddenly, all impromptu questions on atomic research were banned. Speakers were asked in future to answer only written questions, it being understood that oral questions from the audience would be vetted before the speaker made a reply.

Letter-bomb Episode

Foreign agents, or terrorists, who go into action in this country with a fixed plan of campaign, usually get beaten by M.I.5 sooner or later. On such occasions M.I.5 normally works in co-operation with the Special Branch of Scotland Yard.

When letter-bombs began to arrive in London with a Rome postmark, Major P. Montague, Chief of M.I.5 Theatre Intelli-

gence, took a plane to Rome. And within a few days there were no more letter-bombs with Rome postmarks.

There are, of course, many misgivings about M.I.5's work. The Institution of Professional Civil Servants has already stated that it views with alarm the fact that information supplied to M.I.5 cannot be examined. The Institution believes, quite sincerely, that if M.I.5 evidence were examined it would lead to less room for error—and some errors are obviously bound to occur.

The M.I.5 answer is that it takes action considered abnormal in a democracy because it is concerned with abnormal circumstances.

A large number of cases before it show that otherwise quite respectable citizens do not understand that they may have divulged useful information.

Another misconception about M.I.5 is that it concerns itself very deeply with members of governing bodies in this country. William Gallacher, the

Communist M.P., speaking at Belle Vue, Manchester, in March last, expressed the opinion that M.I.5 was responsible for the removal of Shinwell from the Ministry of Fuel and Power. He said they "put their finger" on Shinwell because he was too closely associated with Communist leaders like Abe Moffat and Arthur Horner. "The Tories," said Gallacher, "had him removed."

An old campaigner like Gallacher ought really to have known better. And I know Shinwell well enough to say that the statement caused a huge laugh with him. They certainly removed him to the right place—the War Office, with Sir Percy Sillitoe at the end of the corridor!

Enlisted in German Army

Does M.I.5 operate abroad, in other countries, with active agents? To illustrate this more aggressive side of the work, I will give you the story of an Army officer—a story which four years ago would have been worth a great deal to the German High Command.

In 1925 he was a junior officer in Britain.

He spoke excellent German, had been educated at a famous German public school. When asked to do special duty he consented.

Three years later, equipped with a new name and a list of unimpeachable friends, he arrived in Stuttgart. In 1930 he enlisted in the German Army and became recognized as an expert cartographer. He carried out work which marked him as a man of ability and trust.

In 1940 he was promoted to the rank of colonel. It was due partly to his work that three months before the Nazi attack on Russia, our ambassador in Moscow was able to warn Molotov of coming events. At the end of 1944 the colonel was able to supply General Eisenhower with details of German plans for counter-attack as Patton and Bradley stormed into Germany.

He is now back in Britain and shortly intends to add a third greenhouse to his market garden.

There Was a Leakage

Inside Britain, too, secret workers are employed, at the heart of various "suspect" groups. In 1947, for instance, when the activities of a certain political party were disturbing the Government, M.I.5 had minutes of the meetings of leaders of the party. Now, most of the members present were people of ten or fifteen years' standing in the party.

How, then, could a leakage occur? The answer is that one of the leading members of this party had a wife who, before marriage, had been employed by M.I.5.

But is this sort of thing really necessary? That must still be the question of ordinary citizens, who look on secret activities with not a little repugnance.

For answer, turn the page of events back to 1939. The I.R.A. were then the kind of people who would set a house on fire to roast chestnuts. Bombs in London cloakrooms were very spectacular—but unpleasant for unsuspecting Londoners.

But for a period of fifteen years before these bombs were placed the men of M.I.5, in association with the Special Branch of Scotland Yard, had been attending meetings, and listing the names of I.R.A. followers. Some of the men were political innocents, with no policy but to underestimate their opponents, overestimate themselves and announce their findings in Hyde Park. Nevertheless, the man with the notebook was always present.

It was due to "past research" that a few hours after the first bombs had exploded in London half a dozen arrests were made. M.I.5 worked on the principle of frighteningly fast arrests of semi-nervous men, quick questionings, followed always by the inevitable one

or two "squealers" protesting their own innocence, but incriminating colleagues.

Known agitators, or agents—from Eire, or Portugal, the Netherlands, or anywhere—have a hard time getting into the country. M.I.5 and "Special Branch" men, placed at airports and docks, soon get almost a "sixth sense" about people.

A customs official said to me at Croydon the other day: "I know whose bag to turn upside down. So would you if you had ten years on this job, 400 customers a day." M.I.5 works on the same principle.

Agents who come ashore are frequently followed. Some come as members of the crew of foreign vessels. These act as "carriers" of messages and information. One recent seaman visitor was tapped on the shoulder by a plain-clothes man outside the Strand Palace Hotel in London's West End. "I suggest you go home," said the plain-clothes man.

The visitor turned and walked quickly away. He boarded a train at King's Cross for Hull. But at Hull, instead of reboarding ship, he turned round and slipped back to London.

The next afternoon, in London, he was standing outside the Gaumont Theatre in the Haymarket looking at pictures of the stars. A man edged towards him. "I thought we told you to go home?" he asked. "I know where I'm going," replied the visitor. Then the M.I.5 man reminded him, politely, that people who think they know exactly where they are going seldom get there.

The visitor went—home.

Hitlerism is Dead, But—

Such work still goes on. Hitlerism may be destroyed, but the M.I.5 theory is that there may be a Schmidtism, or a Muellerism, or a Hansenpefferism, twenty years from now. That is why there are still M.I.5 agents in Germany, and agents watching Fascist groups in this country.

People before the last war were so pre-occupied about Hitler that they forgot what M.I.5 never allows itself to forget—that there were First and Second Reichs, too. The Right Wing sympathizers of Germany in those days frequently protested about M.I.5 "activities" which interfered with the normal "sense of freedom" of British Fascists, and others. M.I.5, however, with its own sense of history, was remembering Frederick the Great, and Bismarck, and the Kaiser.

The army of majors in plain clothes has never relaxed over the years, and its policy of vigilance has paid real dividends in the actual security of the State.

To sum up, the activities of M.I.5 are, as I see them, an unfortunate necessity, a symptom of the troubles of the world.

We never want to see in this country a secret police force of this description used as a tool of politicians. That is what has happened in other countries where secret police are responsible only to the ruling political group. In Britain, M.I.5 is directly responsible to the King.

If We Abolished M.I.5

Recently there have been political cries of "abolish M.I.5." If that were done, what about other such organizations in other countries, like the M.V.D. in Russia or the F.B.I. in the United States—both highly efficient forces. What about the Spaniards with their rubber truncheons, and terror camps, and their lynx-eyed little agents watching every plane that touches down at Lisbon?

Are we to suppose that these countries will follow our lead?

The short answer is that we need M.I.5. The alternative is to give full rope to those, both at home and abroad, whose ideas and allegiances may lead them to use the rope to hang democracy itself.

WHEN TO WORRY

The drinker who hides bottles about the house or needs a drink on the morning after to quiet screaming nerves should take heed. It's a sign that drinking is becoming a problem

ONCE DRINKING crosses the border line it's time to start worrying. But what is the border line and how can one recognize the danger signals?

The pattern of problem drinking varies to a great degree. It depends to some extent on personality, environment, age and sex, as well as the length of time drinking has been an individual problem.

The quality of abnormal drinking symptoms may be exaggerated and startling in one person or so mild as to escape early detection in another.

One of the more pronounced symptoms may be a need for a drink in the morning before breakfast, or in place of breakfast. The problem drinker has found at this stage of his breakdown that he cannot face the day following a drinking night unless he has more drinks to quiet his screaming nerves. In his attempt to soothe his nervous condition, he usually succeeds in reintoxicating himself.

Other symptoms may take the form of disturbances in normal sleep habits such as a tendency to nightmares, sometimes reaching the point where the drinker is afraid to go to sleep because of the horrible dreams he may have. Usually there is difficulty in sleeping—the drinker awakes before dawn, and spends restless hours before the rest of the family is awake.

Secret drinking—hiding bottles around the house or in the shrubbery—is another symptom. As one such case once put it to me: "We are like squirrels getting ready for a hard winter, hiding big and little bottles all over the house and, like the squirrels, often forgetting where we hid them."

Indignant Denial

A frequently encountered symptom in abnormal drinkers is the tendency to lie to anyone they think might criticize them or curtail their drinking. They say: "Of course I haven't had a drink"; or "I only had a beer"; or "I just had one or two with an important customer." These statements of innocence or extreme moderation are refuted by obvious signs of intoxication.

Other symptoms are irritability, unjustified jealousy and suspicion, or involved systems of self-deception wherein the drinker convinces himself that the causes of his drunkenness or lapses from sobriety are due to outrageous fortune. Yet another symptom is the drinker's forgetfulness about what he has said or heard the night before when he was drinking. These periods of amnesia may occur when the problem drinker appears to be sober.

The last stages of pathological drinking are probably incurable. Advanced stages are in need of supporting measures for the balance of the victim's life. It is the early or middle stages of abnormal drinking, no matter how well disguised, that are most apt to respond to the right kind of help.

What we must accept in the individual whose drinking has become a problem to his friends, his family and himself is that he is undoubtedly tending to use alcohol as a crutch.

Abnormal drinking, if it continues, reveals a state of mind which the drinker

himself regards as unendurable. In other words, he is suffering from a type of nervous breakdown and is using alcohol to alleviate an intolerable mental condition.

How can you convince the problem drinker that he is becoming an alcoholic?

When you see someone you love or are dependent on destroying himself with alcohol, it is quite understandable that you will plead with him and appeal to his better side rather than try threats or promises. These tactics just won't work.

Outside the Family

By and large, the wife or family of the problem drinker, because of the close emotional relationship, can do little towards convincing a man that he is becoming an alcoholic. Most people have found that someone outside the family circle is more effective in convincing a man that he needs help.

The family doctor will often do this, or a psychiatric specialist may be able to present the problem so that the patient realizes the need of facing it. Sometimes a member of Alcoholics Anonymous (a mutual aid society where ex-alcoholics help to cure alcoholics) may be able to convince the problem drinker that he should seek their help.

Books and articles assist, too. Such novels as *The Lost Weekend* and *The Glass Crutch* have done much to convince problem drinkers of the need to do something about facing their problem.

How much can be done at home without the aid of outside medical or psychiatric help?

If a man's or woman's drinking is merely excessive and even dissipated, provided it has not reached the stage of abnormality known to the medical profession as chronic alcoholism, much can be done by the use of persuasion.

On the other hand, if the drinker has been diagnosed by proper authorities as belonging to that class known as alcoholics, nothing can be done through the art of persuasion on the part of the family. For by this time such a person is psychologically sick, and cannot help himself without outside guidance and understanding.

When a man's drinking has reached the point where it is seriously interfering with his normal relationships, such as his family life or his work, then outside help should be sought. It seems only sensible that the first step towards outside help should come from the family doctor.

Because of his training in medicine and his contacts with specialists and modern treatment, he is in a far better position than the family to analyse the sick personality of the patient and make recommendations for this or that clinic, Alcoholics Anonymous, or certain psychiatric approaches.

What is the record of success in the treatment of alcoholism through clinics, Alcoholics Anonymous, psychiatrists, and therapists working for psychiatrists?

In answering this question, it should be pointed out that chronic alcoholics can be roughly broken into three groups.

First, those who are capable of making a mature adjustment without alcohol. Second, those who are capable, with the aid of support, of staying away from

ABOUT DRINKING

by FRANCIS CHAMBERS



An occasional pint at the local is one thing; drink taken as a "drug," on whatever pretext, quite another

alcohol; and third, those who have deteriorated to a degree where no help is possible.

From personal observation, I would say that only twenty per cent of chronic alcoholics are able to make mature adjustments without alcohol; sixty per cent will need support of some kind or other; and the remaining twenty per cent are incurable.

Of the eighty per cent who may be helped towards recovery, probably only forty per cent remain off alcohol for the rest of their lives. This is far from perfection; however, it is an advance on the situation which caused such pessimism twenty years ago.

I remember an incident just about twenty years ago when I was seeking the approval and support of medicine and psychiatry in setting up a clinic to help abnormal drinkers.

My first contact was with a kindly old psychiatrist, now dead. I told him of what I wanted to try to do.

He looked at me and said: "You are wasting your time. Alcoholics never get well. There's something wrong with their germ plasm."

Fortunately, the other psychiatrists and physicians with whom I talked were less pessimistic, and more than willing to

try new approaches towards helping problem drinkers solve their problems.

Can an addiction to alcohol be acquired by social drinking regardless of other psychological difficulties?

A perfectly adjusted man could not become a problem drinker; but I have yet to meet the perfectly adjusted man.

The answer to the question is: There is always some danger of one's becoming a problem drinker. To paraphrase a familiar quotation on greatness: Some acquire alcoholism, some achieve alcoholism, and some have alcoholism thrust upon them.

Shocks of Middle Age

In the group which may be considered as acquiring a drinking problem are middle-aged men and women who have used alcohol consistently and often heavily without dire results, but who in middle years are forced to meet shocks and frustrations, business failures, divorce, menopause or severe illness, and turn to alcohol as a narcotic.

Of the group who may be said to achieve alcoholism are the playboys and playgirls who have little purpose in life other than the pursuit of pleasure on a very immature level.

They seem to have no deep psycho-

logical need for alcohol, but use it the way they do everything else in life—in excess. As time goes on, they are apt to develop greater and greater dependency on alcohol in order to keep going.

Others who may be considered to "achieve" alcoholism are entertainers, bartenders and salesmen who use alcohol as a lever in their business or profession, only to wake up one day to find a too great personal need for their salesmanship accessory—alcohol.

Those who may be considered to have alcohol thrust upon them are the men and women with a psychoneurotic nucleus, usually acquired from maladjustment in their early home life. They carry scars of early shocks and suffer as adults from abnormal feelings of guilt, rejection, inferiority and anxiety. These men and women find in alcohol a soothing syrup for the pain of their own maladjustment.

What of the morality of drinking?

Because of alcohol's popular association with crime, delinquency, prostitution, and so on, it is very easy to think of it in terms of immorality.

There is really nothing moral or immoral about drinking, as such; the guiding factor is the way that alcohol is used.

The problem drinker, because he uses

alcohol anti-socially, should expect moral censure from society. Granted, he is emotionally sick and his drinking is out of his control; therefore he deserves help and treatment. But up to the time he seeks help and treatment, the problem drinker is a danger to the very core of the nation; that is, the well-integrated family.

Self-pity Won't Help

Because alcoholism has in recent years been recognized as a disease, there is a tendency on the part of many alcoholics to excuse themselves and say, in effect, "Poor me, I am a sick person. Who can blame me for my drinking?" But the alcoholic must realize that, though he is emotionally ill, society will not condone or sympathize with his illness, but will for its own self-protection insist that he seek treatment for it.

What is the best attitude for parents to have about drinking—never to serve liquor in the house and frown on its use, or allow their children to see them drinking in moderation?

A great deal will depend on the environment in which the parents are rearing their children.

For instance, in a "dry" community where all drinking is frowned on, serving liquor in the house and thus allowing the children to see the parents drink, would embarrass them, because in their association with other children in other homes they would have the feeling that their parents were different, looked down on, and condemned for their drinking.

In another environment, where moderate drinking is socially acceptable, the children would merely see their parents who drank as being like other parents, and would interpret moderate drinking as being normal. Hence it would not be associated with guilt.

Where there has been an alcoholic problem in the family, great care should be exercised by the recovered alcoholic not to project his own anxiety about drinking on to his children. The children, when they are old enough to understand, should be told by the recovered alcoholic that he had a problem with drinking, but he should assure them that such a problem is not hereditary.

The children of alcoholic parents, when they reach maturity, have no reason to expect that they will develop alcoholism, provided they are emotionally well adjusted.

If drinking were less fashionable, less socially acceptable, would there be fewer alcoholics?

Definitely yes. Human beings are open to suggestion, both constructively and destructively.

Example to Public

The standards of behaviour are largely set by those people who are in the public eye. This includes scientists, clergymen, teachers, outstanding soldiers, prominent politicians, film actors and actresses, business successes, men and women of great wealth, and so-called café society—as well as criminals and gangsters.

If the public, through observation, advertisement, and the Press, identify heavy, dissipated drinking with their film idol, or this or that V.I.P., such self-identification influences their own behaviour.

It is a point worthy of comment that one never sees a liquor advertisement showing a well-dressed, distinguished-looking man being carried out of his club feet foremost.

THE INSPECTOR HAD A WIFE



"The Merciful One defend us!" cried the fat man as the woman swung into the shade, swaying her shapely hips

CHAFIK J. CHAFIK, of the Baghdad Criminal Investigation Department, sat at the dining-room table in his modest house at the corner of Nathir-al-Ni'am Street and the Karradat Miriam. He was informally clad in a wide-sleeved, ankle-length gown of brown silk, opened at the neck to catch the breezes from the Tigris. The late evening meal had been cleared, and he was engaged in his hobby of detecting philatelic forgeries.

He announced, as he lifted a stamp with a pair of tweezers: "A Bermuda 'Perot.' It would be valued at 400 dinars if genuine. But it is an excellent copy by a Swiss craftsman and, therefore, worthless." The inspector looked at the dark woman who stood at the window intently watching the moonlit street. "You are not thrilled by this addition to my collection, Leila," he complained.

Madame Chafik said tartly: "When you find a stamp worth 400 dinars I will be thrilled."

"My hobby is relaxing," her husband defended himself. "It is more dignified than observing our neighbours. You were pleased to see Madame Dejeni return by boat a few minutes ago?"

His wife turned quickly. "Now you mock me. How do you know what goes on in a street you cannot see from where you sit?"

THE inspector lighted a cigarette with irritating care. "I observed you look towards the river, where there is a landing for boats. Then you retired behind the curtains, which you would not have done if the person you watched had walked on the other side of the street. Finally you contorted yourself to peer in the direction of our neighbour's front door. You had already informed me that Mr. Dejeni had gone away and that his wife had accompanied him to the train. So it was simplicity itself."

Leila said: "He must have taken the Basra train. It was after six when the taxi came. There was only one suitcase, so I knew she wasn't making the journey with him."

"Your reasoning has merit. But are you sure Madame Dejeni has now returned? May I know how you penetrated the shroud of outdoor robe which makes the women of Baghdad resemble animated corpses?"

"The passenger from the boat entered the Dejeni home with a key. Who else could it have been if not our neighbour? You are foolish."

"I am still not satisfied." Chafik twinkled with mischief. "The railway station is on this side of the river. This person came back *across* the river."

"That is strange," admitted Leila, and brightened with new curiosity. "What has she been doing all this time? It is now nearly nine thirty, and the Basra train left at seven. Where did she go? Who—?"

"Give me peace," said Chafik. "Such questions remind me of my unfortunate profession—"

"It puzzles me, too, why a woman of character should be devoted to a man who neglects her for an English adventuress—"

"Wife, wife!" said the little man in a shocked voice. "How do you know about Miss Violet Shaw?"

Leila answered evasively: "But it is known to all the ladies in the neighbour-

hood. And once when I was visiting our cousin in the Alwiyah district I saw Mr. Dejeni driving in a carriage with a shameless foreign woman. I asked our cousin, who told me—

"Enough! You hold dossiers as complete as my own at headquarters. I have now lost all interest in my hobby." The inspector closed the stamp album and stood up, a slight figure, strangely dignified in the long robe. "I do not keep a mistress myself," he said. "If I did I would be more discreet. This Violet Shaw, who is actually a Eurasian from Bombay, is indeed an adventuress. Mr. Dejeni is not a wealthy man, and her extravagances are leading him into difficulties."

"They dine almost nightly at the Zia Hotel and—"

Leila's new disclosures were interrupted by the telephone bell. Chafik's heelless slippers made a sad shuffle on the polished floor as he went to the bedroom. He took the instrument between finger and thumb.

A familiar voice said, "Sir?"

The little man lifted an eyebrow at his wife, who had followed him. He said with resignation into the telephone, "Speak." A few minutes later he said, "I come," and returned the instrument to its bedside stand. "That was, of course, my dour but admirable assistant, Sergeant Abdullah. There was a note of satisfaction in his voice. He announced a corpse."

"Murder?"

"He would not disturb me otherwise." Inspector Chafik began to dress quickly but carefully. "The corpse," he said casually as he adjusted his polka-dot tie, "is labelled 'Violet Shaw.'"

The body was in a half-kneeling position on the floor; the head and shoulders and outflung arm rested across a divan, which was upholstered in black and scattered with orange-coloured cushions. The woman had been wearing a canary-yellow wrap and red slippers.

She had tried to accentuate her English features by fluffing out her straight black hair, and by using a light powder on her faintly dusky cheeks. But her figure, which was seductive, had been inherited from a Hindu mother and could not be disguised.

Inspector Chafik, who stood in the doorway, said: "Poor Miss Shaw! What was the cause of death?"

Sergeant Abdullah replied: "Sir, she has been dealt several heavy blows on the left side of the head. The weapon, which I have not located, was a blunt instrument."

GOING to the body, Chafik raised the head to examine the wound. "This is indeed ugly. The object had a round bevelled edge." He looked around the room and then bent over a table at the end of the divan. "There is dust," he said. "Observe, Abdullah, something with a round base, perhaps a lamp, stood here recently. Possibly the weapon we seek."

"Shall I make inquiries, sir, for a person seen leaving carrying a bulky object?"

"It is extremely unlikely the murderer was observed. The house is discreetly isolated; there are no neighbours to watch the coming and going of visitors."

The inspector placed his hand under the armpit of the corpse. "There is still warmth, but bodies do not cool quickly in the heat of Baghdad. The woman may have been dead some hours. I note she met death in an angry mood."

"Sir?"

"You can see for yourself," Chafik said sharply. "There is ash scattered over the divan and carpet. She constantly flicked her cigarette, as a person does when irritated!" He took a clean handkerchief from his pocket and wiped

his hands. "Miss Violet did not keep a servant in the house. Who, then, found her body?"

Sergeant Abdullah produced a notebook and read in a harsh voice: "The following is the statement of Mr. Daoud Shuman. Quote. 'At about eight twenty tonight I was walking on the Alwiyah waterfront in the company of my friend, Ahmed Faris, when I saw a lady resembling Miss Violet Shaw, who is well known to me. I was surprised, because she had previously broken an appointment with me, pleading a headache—'"

Chafik interrupted: "Briefly, what did Mr. Shuman do?"

"Sir, he went to speak to her, but she hurried away and he lost her in the crowd. Then he began to search for her. It would appear he has a suspicious nature. He went to various cafés and bars, but the woman had not been seen. He says. Quote. 'Then I went to the house. The time was about eight fifty. After knocking and getting no answer I

and open up everything at sundown to catch the breezes. 'There is something abnormal here—' he announced in a flat voice, as the door opened and a fat young man was ushered into the room. 'Did Miss Violet always keep her curtains closed, Mr. Shuman?' he asked."

"Only when the sun was strong. She often opened them before the proper time. The English like air." The young man looked with horror at the body on the divan. "I insist—"

"My position as investigating officer," said Chafik, "puts me in the unique position of doing all the insisting."

His thin face hardened, and he went on in a voice like a blade: "How long had Violet Shaw been your mistress?" Shuman flushed. "You treat me without courtesy."

"I am here to solve a crime. I have no time to be nice to you." The inspector balanced himself on his toes like a boxer. "When did you first meet Miss Shaw?"

"Two weeks ago." The young man's

A woman knows more about other women than a mere man can find out. So Inspector Chafik did not hesitate to test his wife's theories

by CHARLES B. CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

opened the door with a key Miss Shaw had previously given me—"

"This is interesting, Abdullah, for a key was also in the possession of Mr. Dejeni. So Mr. Shuman demanded an explanation and was confronted by a corpse. What did he do then?"

"His action was commendable. He telephoned us. He does not appear to realize he is a top suspect."

The inspector winced. "A detective should arrive at a conclusion only after he has collected facts. Is Mr. Shuman here?"

"I held him incommunicado, awaiting your interrogation, sir."

"Rules and regulations are engraved in letters of gold on your heart! While I talk to the gentleman, kindly inquire if my neighbour, Mr. Mohammed Dejeni, was a passenger on the Basra train tonight. Secondly, I wish to see the boatman who took a lady across the river and landed her at Nathir-al-Ni'am Street shortly before nine thirty. Now bring me Mr. Shuman."

"Here, sir?" The sergeant looked meaningfully at the corpse.

"We shall not disturb Miss Violet. And witnesses are less inclined to lie in the presence of the dead."

When his assistant had gone, Chafik went to the window and parted the draperies, which were closely drawn. The room was airless. He looked out on the shadowy plumes of date palms and the pink night sky of the city, and noted again the seclusion of the house. It was surrounded by uncultivated land and a winding path led through clumps of neglected palms to Mamoun Avenue. "There are no neighbours within clear sight. The path permits secretive approaches and departures," Chafik said in a flat voice.

The drawn curtains worried him. It was the custom in Baghdad to shade windows against the fierce heat of the day

moonlike face had now become pasty.

"You knew she had been the mistress of Mohammed Dejeni?"

"I knew there was another man," Shuman said. "She needed protection and turned to me."

"Such women as Miss Violet," said Chafik softly, "prefer the protection of a man who is foolish and still rich, to that of a man who is still foolish but not rich. Doubtless you insisted she should not see Mr. Dejeni again."

"She gave me her promise—"

"And that was why you were suspicious when you saw her on the waterfront tonight?"

The young man interlaced his pudgy fingers. "Naturally I was surprised. I had expected to meet her tonight, but she telephoned about five o'clock to say she had a violent headache and could not go out."

"You state you saw the lady at eight twenty. Was she far from you?"

"On the opposite side of the road, near the Lido Café—"

"You recognized her face?"

SHUMAN hesitated. "I knew her by her dress," he said. Chafik made a little bow.

"I am pleased with your answer. The river promenade is poorly lighted and the moon did not rise until nine o'clock. It would have been scarcely possible to distinguish faces. Was she unusually dressed?"

"She was always distinctive. Also it would be sufficient to pick her out by reason of the absence of a robe. The English do not hide their charms in the way of our women."

Chafik said: "Let us look for the dress that Miss Violet wore." He went to the bedroom and opened the closets. There were many dresses on the hangers, but Shuman pointed unhesitatingly at one. It was a dazzling print, a pattern of huge

orange-and-blue flowers on a white ground, fussy with cape sleeves and bows.

The inspector winced. "This is indeed distinctive. What did she wear on her head?"

"A blue kerchief tied under her chin. I had given it to her myself."

"Then you are prepared to swear the lady you saw was Miss Shaw?"

The young man said: "I cannot deny the evidence of my eyes."

Inspector Chafik opened a packet of Ghazi cigarettes. "Please smoke," he said. "It steadies the nerves, and I may have to give you a shock. But first look around and tell me what is missing."

Shuman obeyed. Then he pointed to the table at the head of the divan, and said: "There was something there. A bronze nude fitted with a clock—"

"The clock was doubtless set in the navel. Such an *objet d'art* belongs here." Chafik looked at the garish room with amusement, then turned quickly on the young man. "Miss Violet argued with somebody before she died. That person may have been you."

"She was dead when I came here!"

"I am a weaver," said Chafik. "I use facts as threads. It is a fact you came to this house in a suspicious mood. It is a fact that suspicion is the seed of dissension. Anger may have caused you to seize the statuette with the novelty navel and strike the lady."

"She was already dead—"

"Mr. Shuman, you saw the lady alive at eight twenty and dead at about eight fifty. It is a ten-minute walk from the Lido Café to this house. Miss Violet took time to change from her distinctive dress to her equally distinctive wrap. She was also embroiled in argument with the killer. This person could scarcely have left before you arrived."

"I thought I heard the back door close as I entered—"

"You did not mention this in your statement to my assistant. Amended evidence is open to doubt."

The young man made a babbling sound.

"Please sit," Chafik said, not unkindly. "The design I have shown you is ugly, but you should not be frightened by it. The weave is loose and certain threads have been discarded. As a craftsman I do not like it. I had expected a different design."

At that moment, Sergeant Abdullah entered. The sergeant announced: "Sir, I have completed the inquiries. The other suspect was a passenger on the train. I have telephoned the police at Hilla to remove him at that junction and return him here."

"Excellent! But it was tactless to say 'other suspect.' Mr. Shuman is already upset. It would be well for him to go home and spend what is left of the night in prayer." When the man had gone stumbling out, Chafik asked Abdullah: "What of the second inquiry?"

"Sir, I have a boatman who took a lady from the Rafidain Wharf and landed her at Nathir-al-Ni'am Street at the hour you foretold. Although she was clad in an enveloping robe he recognized her by her voice. She was Madame Dejeni."

The inspector turned the signet ring on the little finger of his left hand. "What else did the boatman say?"

"Sir, he said Madame Dejeni dropped a bulky object into the river on the way across. He condoned with her on the accident and offered to get his son to dive. She replied that the object had no value, but was obviously upset."

Chafik looked down at the ring. "How very unfortunate Mr. Shuman saw Miss Violet after the train left for Basra!" he announced in a bitter voice.

At noon on the following day, Chafik entered his house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings and sank into a

chair, in the living-room. With the gesture of a man breaking lifetime habits he pulled down his tie and opened the collar of his shirt.

His wife, who had appeared with a glass of cooling sherbet, knelt to remove his shoes and replace them with slippers. She gave no greeting, and the little man remarked: "Although you are silent your thoughts are noisy."

Leila said: "Your men came and took away Madame Dejeni. The face of Sergeant Abdullah was that of a judge. She has been arrested?"

"Detained." Chafik briefly closed his eyes, and when he opened them again they were dark with shadows.

"We found in her bag a key that had been given to Mr. Dejeni. It fitted the door of Miss Shaw's house. She used it last night. I know she took a taxi from the railway station to Mamoun Avenue, a twenty-five-minute journey. From there it is an average fifteen-minute walk to the house. The place is secluded. There are no neighbours. Furthermore, the night was dark until the moon rose and a woman wearing a chuddar would have been as a shadow. But it is established by fact Mrs. Dejeni was there."

"At approximately ten minutes past nine she appeared at the Rafidain Wharf, an easy eighteen-minute walk from Miss Shaw's house. She engaged a boatman, and on the way across the river dropped an object into the water. The boatman, who thought it an accident, offered to have it retrieved, but was refused. He remembered the spot, which is where the current swings. We dredged the thing up. It was a heavy bronze statue with an inset clock. The base matches the wounds in Miss Shaw's head."

HE was silent for a while. "The evidence is damning. We know that Miss Shaw was out until eight twenty. She was seen by a witness. When she returned she found Mrs. Dejeni. One can understand the conversation between them was not pleasant. When a woman becomes jealous she becomes primitive. Madame Dejeni afterwards fled from the house concealing the weapon under her robe. We have found stains on the inside of the robe. She left by the back door as the witness who found the body entered by the front. I am afraid she is guilty."

"Surely she did not confess?"

"She said nothing. I begged her to defend herself, but she only shook her head. She has a singularly sweet face and great strength of character. How unlike Mr. Dejeni."

"He did go to Basra?"

"We took him off the train at Hilla. He is a very weak man. He admits he saw Miss Shaw yesterday and was given his congé. She had taken another lover. When I confronted him with the evidence he wept. I had a desire to beat him."

The little man rose and began to pace the room. "I have woven a pattern with threads of facts, but two threads are unused and frayed. But they are threads. Why," he demanded in a hollow voice, "were the curtains drawn in Miss Shaw's room when the evening air would have refreshed it? Why did she change into a wrap; how was there time since the two women had to talk, and Madame Dejeni to commit her deed of violence? This period is barely twenty minutes."

"Why worry yourself about unimportant details?" Leila gave a sly look.

"I have noted," she went on, looking down her long, thin nose, "that men are more prone to insane jealousy than women. Our weakness is an overwillingness to sacrifice ourselves to our men. It is so with Madame Dejeni. When he gambles away his money she sells her jewels so that he may gamble again. She treats him as a doting mother treats an



erring child. It is not in her character to kill her husband's mistress."

She walked gracefully to the window and rearranged the curtains to cut off a red-hot spear of sunlight. She said over her shoulder: "Your unused fact about the curtains is peculiar. It was so hot last night that nobody would have left them drawn."

The inspector lifted a hand for silence. He was now huddled in his chair, and although the temperature of the rooms was over ninety he shivered. Presently he announced: "If Shuman had not seen Miss Violet—" The sentence was left dangling, and he sat up. His eyes glowed as he fixed them on his wife. "Will you be shameless for a good cause?"

"Shameless?" She was shocked and bewildered.

"I intend to make an experiment...."

The river boardwalk leading from Saa'dun Square was a pleasant spot on a hot summer's night. The numerous cafés along the Tigris were strung with lights which twinkled like fireflies among the palms. Boats glided near the walled bank, and the music of flutes was added to the chatter of the crowded walk.

NEAR the Lido Café, where the crowd was dense, Inspector Chafik walked with Daoud Shuman. The fat young man resembled a sleeper roused from a bad nightmare. "I still cannot believe your news," he said.

Chafik said sympathetically: "It must be a great relief. Circumstantial evidence is often damning, and last night I almost arrested you."

"I am sorry Madame Dejeni—"

"Let us forget the unfortunate lady."

The inspector made a sweeping gesture. "How pleasant it is after the heat of the day," he continued. "Baghdad has a certain magic at this hour. Was it there where you saw Miss Violet last night?"

"Just across the road—"

"You are quite certain it was she?"

"Inspector, I could not be more certain. I—" Daoud Shuman came to a halt. The colour which had returned to his flabby cheeks drained. His mouth opened. He clutched at his companion's arm and stammered: "The Merciful One defend us! I see her—"

The lights of the nearby café were shaded by the fronds of the palms, which moved in the breeze and sent changing patterns of shadow across the road. A woman, colourful as a butterfly in a dress patterned with blue-and-orange flowers, came briefly into the light. She wore a bright-blue kerchief over her head and walked with a swaying motion of shapely hips. As the shadows flickered she

appeared to dissolve into the darkness.

Shuman shouted, "But she is dead!" He put his hands to his pounding heart and his fat body wrinkled like the fabric of a collapsing balloon. A man stepped swiftly behind him and gave the timely support of strong arms.

"Soothe him, my dear Abdullah," said Chafik. "When he recovers from his shock bring him to my office."

The inspector parted the gathering crowd with an imperious gesture. A sleek black car slid out of the night. The woman in the bright, cheap dress scurried across the road. She huddled on the back seat of the car and Chafik heard her sob as he joined her.

"The shame of it!" came the voice of his wife. "Oh, to parade myself in that woman's dress. I feel unclean—"

They brought Dejeni's wife into the inspector's office at C.I.D. headquarters on Al-Rashid Street. Madame Chafik, now decently swathed in a chuddar, went to the woman and led her to a chair. A protesting voice outside the room was heard to say: "I demand a doctor. I am ill," and Mr. Dejeni entered. He was a tall man, slightly stooped, with a wide, loose mouth and unstill hands. He did not look at his wife as he sat down.

Daoud Shuman came in propelled by Sergeant Abdullah. The fat young man was still trembling and looked anxiously at the two women, whose faces were hidden by the folds of their robes.

The little man behind the big desk

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Clear Conscience

HOW is it possible to measure conduct? asks a reader.

I think that's an easy one. Aristotle once said: "I do without being commanded what others do for fear of the law."

You can act decently through fear or hope of reward, but neither motive gives you a standard of life.

Throughout the ages philosophers have held that the real reward of virtue is virtue itself, because it makes for true happiness, and that the real punishment of the vicious is vice, for it makes a man wretched and unhappy.

To attain to a high standard of life you must have self-respect. The foundation of self-respect is a clear conscience—and there is only one way to have that. Behave to others as you would have them behave to you.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

said: "Only the ghost is absent." He saw Shuman glance quickly over his shoulder. "Yes, there are many ghosts in this room," he went on. "But they are all locked in my filing cabinets. Are you still certain it was Miss Violet you saw on the river promenade last night?"

"I am not sure of anything—now."

"With those words you destroy an alibi." Chafik paused. "Tonight you saw a familiar dress. It was worn by my wife. Last night the wearer was Madame Dejeni—"

The woman said, "Oh, no, no!"

"In this case," went on Chafik, "I have learned that a devoted woman puts no limit to her sacrifice. Madame Dejeni went secretly to the house of Miss Shaw, knowing she would find a corpse. She had a twofold purpose. First, to remove the statuette which was marked with incriminating fingerprints. Secondly, to create an alibi for a worthless man."

"She knew that the woman, Shaw, habitually walked the river front, so she dressed as that woman and paraded. She is dark as the dead woman was dark, and of like build. The dusk and her unusual dress made it a good risk. But she did see a friend of Miss Shaw. The shock must have been severe, but she kept her head and avoided Shuman and returned immediately to the house."

SHE arrived at eight thirty. I think she collapsed, for twenty minutes was more than ample time to replace the livid dress in the closet for me to find, and to depart with the incriminating weapon."

Madame Dejeni made a movement of protest, but the little man looked up and shook his head gently.

"It was intelligently planned. The dress was as distinctive as a uniform; as protective to the identity as a peacock's colouring. We would have found other witnesses than Mr. Shuman to tell us Miss Shaw was seen after the train left for Basra. But he so strengthened the alibi that I accepted it."

Shuman said: "I have been greatly at fault."

"The inspector was also at fault, but fortunately he had a wife," Chafik made a little bow in the direction of his lady.

"You do yourself injustice," said Madame Chafik. "You were already doubtful; two facts were left over."

"Those threads are now in the design. Miss Shaw, being dead, could not have changed into her wrap in the presence of Madame Dejeni. The curtains were not opened after the heat of the day because she died before the sun went down. She was killed by a man who was jealous because she had taken a richer lover. He acted blindly, without premeditation."

"She was a bad woman," Madame Chafik said.

"One might say he is a bad man. But justice makes allowances for the violence of passion. It is not the killing that disgraces this man, but what comes afterwards. He fled in panic to his wife. He told her the sordid story. He hid like a rat while she tried to cover his crime, as she has covered so many of his transgressions—"

Madame Dejeni whispered: "He is sick. Have pity!"

"My pity is only for you," Inspector Chafik let his hands fall heavily to the desk. "I am waiting," he went on in a bitter voice. "I cannot believe this man is so degraded that he will still try to hide behind the noble woman who was ready to shoulder his crime."

Mohammed Dejeni stood up with the jerky movements of a puppet. His wife, rising with him, clutched with both hands, as a mother reaches for a child precariously balanced at the edge of a pit. The man said, "I confess—" but the rest of his words were lost in the terrible wailing of the woman.

THE TRIBUNAL HAS STIRRED LAWYERS

by a BARRISTER-AT-LAW

Certainly some of its methods cut across traditional court procedure—perhaps not a bad thing at that

EVER SINCE MAGNA CARTA we British have boasted that our legal procedure is the best and fairest in the world. We said this when men, women and children were being hanged in batches for picking pockets. We still say it today. And we have never been able to understand why foreigners disagree with us about it.

Yet, the moment the Government—any Government—wishes to get to the bottom of some tangled and disputed matter, it blithely throws overboard all our normal legal methods of which we are so proud and appoints a tribunal of investigation with powers so wide and methods so unusual that even the lawyers taking part in its proceedings are bewildered.

The Lynskey Tribunal, which has filled so much newspaper space for so long, was set up under the Tribunals of Inquiry (Evidence) Act of 1921.

This statute enacted that, if both Houses of Parliament think it expedient that an inquiry should be held "into a definite matter . . . of urgent public importance," such a tribunal shall have "all such powers, rights and privileges as are vested in the High Court, or in Scotland the Court of Session," to enforce the attendance of witnesses, examine them on oath, compel the production of documents, and to commit for contempt of court any person who refuses to attend or to answer proper questions or to produce documents.

Where's the Jury?

This is all very well, but what does it mean in practice? Let us answer that question, if only in part, from what we have recently seen at Church House, Westminster.

One of the fundamentals of British justice is surely that a man shall be tried by his equals—that is to say, by a jury. There is nothing like that about the Tribunal. There, man after man has appeared before a court consisting of a High Court Judge and two assessors, with no sort of jury except the readers of newspapers in every part of the globe.

True, the Tribunal will not be able to pass legal sentences on any of those who have appeared before it, but its decisions—and the publicity attached to its proceedings—might be much more damning than any normally constituted court's.

A second fundamental of our system is that any accused person shall know, before he is tried, exactly what charges are to be brought against him and by what evidence they are to be supported.

There has been nothing like this about the Tribunal. Day by day fresh imputations have emerged, many of them produced by witnesses like rabbits out of hats.

Thirdly, hearsay evidence is rigidly excluded from the normal British courts. In the ordinary trial of a civil action, no witness is allowed to tell the court: "Mr. Robinson told me that Mr. Jones did or said so-and-so."

The main reasons for excluding hearsay evidence are that Robinson might merely have been reciting gossip; that a

story repeated is very often a story mistold; that Robinson might have been deliberately lying; that his story was not given on oath and was not subject to cross-examination; and that Jones was not present to deny it when it was told to the witness.

The only exceptions to the hearsay rule in criminal cases are where a man whose death is the subject of the charge has made a statement "under the influence of a settled, hopeless expectation of death" (that is, when he is sure that he is on the point of death), or where the victim of an alleged rape and other similar offences makes an immediate complaint about what happened. Even then such statements are never accepted as necessarily true.

Hearsay Evidence

But what do we find at the Tribunal? Not only is hearsay evidence of the simplest nature permitted and broadcast throughout the world, but hearsay also to the third and fourth degrees: "Mr. Robinson told me that he had heard from Mr. A that Mr. B had told him that Jones did or said so-and-so." This is indeed a travesty of the normal rules of evidence.

Fourthly, it is a rule in all British courts that opinions are not evidence unless they are expressed by technical experts. Thus, while a doctor or engineer will be heard to say that, having practised in his profession for a number of years, it is his view that a man was suffering from concussion or that a lift was unsafe—and the witness will have to provide good reasons for his opinion—an ordinary lay witness may not go into the box and air his views.

The reasons for this are simple. A layman's opinion about the effect of a man's injuries or the state of a lift is worthless. All he can safely say is what he saw in regard to the injured man or the defective lift. Moreover, it is the court's business to decide what the real state of the man or lift was, and not for the lay witness to usurp the court's functions.

But what have we heard at the Tribunal? Questions like this: "What was your opinion of Mr. X when you first met him?" Again, a basic principle of our jurisprudence has been blithely discarded.

Wigs Would Have Curled!

Fifthly, it is the established practice in our courts of all kinds that counsel shall discharge one duty and one only, to assist the court by presenting one side of the case and not more. Yet at the Lynskey Tribunal we have had the amazing situation where the Attorney-General or his colleagues have called a witness, taken him through such evidence as his preliminary, private statements suggest—and then solemnly cross-examined him about it!

No wonder that neither judges nor counsel were robbed in court: their wigs would have curled in amazement at such a departure from all accepted practice.

Despite all this, should we be right in suggesting that there is nothing to be said in favour of the Tribunal's methods?



Stanley (centre) arrives for Inquiry. Witnesses have had an odd rôle

Or may it be that some of its rules of procedure, however unexpected and unusual, are an advance on our stereotyped methods of inquiry? If our ordinary methods are "the best in the world," why was it necessary for the Tribunal to depart so radically from them?

The answer is perhaps that our established procedure is very imperfect. For example, many of us have lost our faith in juries. Again, many a litigant and many a defendant has suffered grievous injustice in the ordinary courts because the hearsay rule has been strictly applied against him to prevent his adducing statements which might explain some of his otherwise suspicious actions.

There has, in recent years, been a tendency for skilful cross-examination to confuse honest witnesses and to draw red herrings across the main issue. Not only juries but even some judges tend to suppose that a glib, tight-lipped witness is more worthy of belief if he "stands up to cross-examination" and refuses to accept the slightest modification to his story than a witness who tells the facts truly as he remembers them but is quite prepared to agree that, after perhaps the lapse of a year or more, he may be mistaken about minor details.

It is, for example, notorious that bar-

risters are the world's worst witnesses. Why? Nobody supposes that they deliberately lie, especially in matters which do not concern them personally; but they always seem to be hesitant. They qualify their evidence by such phrases as "So far as I recall" or "He said that or words to that effect."

The more dishonest a witness is, the more certainly he will stick to his original story word for word.

The fact has to be faced that cross-examination, as daily practised in our courts, is largely directed towards showing the "unreliability" of an honest witness's memory and the admirable consistence of the ultra-positive witness.

So perhaps it comes down to this. The Lynskey Tribunal's methods have clearly passed outside all normal bounds, but they have shown that, when it is officially desired to ascertain the real truth of certain tangled episodes, our everyday legal procedure is felt to be inadequate.

Next time Parliament decides to tidy up our rules of legal procedure, it may well take this fact into account. If so, the Lynskey Tribunal's eccentricities may justify themselves in the eyes of posterity, and generations of honest witnesses and litigants (not to speak of innocent defendants) may live to bless them.

CLOCKING ON IN TICK-TOCK

Big things are happening to a little Welsh mining town. As hewing coal in black pits gives way to handling hairsprings in streamlined factories, a new British industry begins to take shape in the valley • **by HARRY HOPKINS**



In pleasant room looking out to mountains, team leader Marion Withers, in charge of final adjustments to watches, helps Glenys Powell (left) with intricate setting.—John Bull colour photographs by William Kemp

IN AN AGE WHICH HAS "annihilated distance," Ystradgynlais is still the only "one world" that Ystradgynlais knows. For to escape from Ystradgynlais (pronounced Us-trad-gun-lice) is not easy: you must journey down the valley, fourteen miles to Swansea; up the valley, twenty miles to Brecon; or over the mountain.

So, unless you are a very stubborn man, you stay in Ystradgynlais, you marry at the chapel there, and bring up a family there. They say that in Ystradgynlais there are Morgans and there are Phillipses, and in every man there's a bit of a Morgan somewhere or a bit of a Phillips.

For a century, the two pits in the valley have been the be-all-and-end-all of Ystradgynlais. No man born in Ystradgynlais ever considered the merits of coal mining as a career: he was predestined to the pit and he knew it. And the pits took their toll. In Ystradgynlais today there are 500 miners whose lungs are pitted and scarred by silicosis. In January of this year there were in this small place 2,000 unemployed.

But for the past eighteen months new hope has pulsed in the valley.

It has centred in a low wide-spreading brick building behind a curtain of alders. From the road there is no hint of the humming activity within, no sign that this is the first mass-production watch factory in Britain.

"We shall create up here in the Welsh mountains a new Switzerland," pronounced Hugh Dalton as he turned the key in the doors in May, last year. The comparison is inevitable. It springs unbidden to your mind as you stand in the second-floor office of Director H. N. Walford. The mountains are framed in his windows: only the snow is missing.

Walford—who was making fine "English levers" thirty-five years ago—showed me the map of his domain. Alongside the watch factory, a clock factory awaits its machines. Across the road, a factory for disabled men is going up. It will make clock cases. Yet another watch, and another clock, factory are scheduled to follow. They will make Ystradgynlais the horological capital of Britain.

Dream Comes True

For Ystradgynlais this is just about the biggest thing that has happened since they sank the first shafts in the valley. For Britain it represents a partnership of the Government and three precision engineering companies—Smiths, Vickers and Ingersolls—dedicated to the creation of a new British industry.

For one man especially, the factory behind the alders at the foot of a Welsh mountain is a very old dream come true. Dennis W. Barrett is the man who built Smiths from a modest speedometer-making firm in the twenties into the world's second largest clockmaking firm.

When I talked to Barrett recently there lay on top of his desk a cardboard box containing the two-millionth alarm clock to come off the assembly belt in the Carfin plant in the Glasgow development area—one of the latest of the thirteen Smith factories. Beside it, on the desk, lay a letter from an American inquiring about the genealogy of a fine English lever made around 1906 at Mr. Smith's small shop in the Strand.

There epitomized on the desk top, was the thing that Barrett had worked for

VALLEY

during twenty years. The transition from craft to industry was accomplished at last.

But it took a war to do it. Minefields, flying-bombs, run on clockwork; without instruments, warplanes are earthbound. A.R.P. Controller for an area of North London, Barrett stood, in the early days of the war, watching A.A. shells disappear harmlessly into the sky for want of clockwork to explode them at the right height.

The war turned on a hairspring—and, for all her industrial might, Britain did not make hairsprings.

Ministry officials, craftsmen and industrialists put their heads together. The hairsprings, the jewels, the familiar impedimenta of the watchmaker's trade, were somehow got into production. But throughout the war the Services depended on Switzerland for their watches.

When peace came Barrett found that he was preaching to the converted. Resistance to his arguments for Government backing for a national watch industry had vanished. Not only would the Government erect one of its "standard" factories in the South Wales development area, it would also equip it with a full range of watchmaking machinery for which the company, for the first five years, need pay only a modest annual rental.

The task confronting the pioneers remained formidable. A watch packs a great deal of complication into a very small space. There are ninety separate parts—seventy of them different. To mass-produce a watch requires nearly 390 distinct operations. To organize that from an empty factory floor, for the first time, is a pretty tall order. To do it with workers whose experience is bounded by coal mines is taller.

First Five Girls

A start was made. Five girls from the valley, miners' daughters, picked almost at random, went to school under Foreman Jobson, down from Smith's Cheltenham factory. One of them was an ex-nurse named Marion Withers; others had never worked before in their lives.

Jobson taught the five girls and the five girls taught other girls. Young Tom Griffith from the next village in the valley finished the business training course the Government offered demobbed Servicemen and came back to the valley—Personnel Manager, transmuting miners' daughters into watchmakers.

A few days ago I stood on the polished parquet floor of the factory under the mountain and watched team leader Marion Withers making final adjustments to finished watches. Stretching away in front of her 300 white-coated girls, 100 men from the valley sat at brightly lit benches, operating neat little machines.

A job in the watch factory is the ruling ambition of the valley. "A hard time I had getting in . . . it was only the drawings I showed them that did it," said Morgan Evans, who finds the fluorescent lights and the tea buffet a pleasant change from the narrow coal seams he's worked for twenty-two years.

Evans is a silicosis victim. So is Ron Parrett, rescued from two years of idleness to train as a toolsetter. Indeed, seventeen per cent. of the workers here are disabled, mostly by silicosis. And every man "in" knows ten more outside who would like to get "in."

The pace at which they can be absorbed depends on the speed with



The precision machines that "hiss and pop": Welsh fingers learn Swiss cunning in airy assembly department

which the "ins" can master the skills of mass-production watchmaking.

It depends on youngsters like eighteen-year-old Lynn Griffiths who's showing promise as an apprentice toolmaker, training in the factory by day, going to technical school in the evening, taking correspondence courses.

It depends on men like Ieuan Williams, who no longer has to get up at four o'clock every morning to go down the valley to the tube works at Swansea. There, a setter and fitter, he worked in the midst of the clangour of heavy industry. Now he labours in quiet glass walls, fashioning watchmaking tools, dealing in 1/100ths—even, occasionally, 1/1000ths—of a millimetre.

On the benches the machines hiss and pop delicately. There is a machine for everything—even winding the finished watches. They have a beauty all their own, these machines, exquisite, precise, powerful. In a fountain of oil they spit out tiny bearings, cogwheels and screws, each perfectly articulated, yet almost too small for the eye to see.

They are Swiss. British machine tool makers think on a different scale: British presses are designed in terms of tons; Swiss, of pounds.

Struck a Bargain

The Swiss put their watch machines on the prohibited export list, just as once Brazil put the seeds of *hevea brasiliensis*, the rubber tree. That was a problem. Barrett led a delegation to Berne to argue it out. Both Governments sent their observers.

At first the Swiss were resentful. But Britain's strategic need was underlined. And, reasoned Barrett, if only one-tenth of the world's 2,500 million people bought a new watch once every five years, that would be 50,000,000 new watches—and Switzerland's peak output was only 19,000,000. There was, he argued, plenty of room for all.

In the end a bargain was struck. Switzerland would supply Britain with her watchmaking machines. In return, Britain would double the quota of Swiss watches that might be imported.

With British income tax at current levels, it is almost as difficult to tempt over Swiss craftsmen as to get Swiss

machine tools. Ystradgynlais has one, and would like more.

And although it's eighteen years now since M. Tieche left his native Jura valley, his "we" is still the proud professional "we" of a Swiss watch master among the Philistines. The Welsh girl workers? M. Tieche looked up from the watch he was probing. Yes, certainly, the Welsh are a capable race, none more. . . . But in Switzerland, we would make four watches with so many workers to your one here. . . .

And that is the size of Ystradgynlais's problem. Here is the most modern watch factory in Europe, equipped as not even the Swiss are equipped, with the latest machinery to make under one roof all of the watch save the hairspring, the face and the glass.

The technical problem is solved. But the human problem remains. The Swiss, they say, are born with tweezers in their mouths. Jobs like centring hairsprings so that they open in smooth, swelling circles like ripples on a pond grow instinctive only with time. You have to have the feeling for these finicking operations. Anyone can manage them in five minutes; it is doing them in five seconds that makes a watch industry.

The Waltham Watch Company of U.S.A., world's largest, reckons it took them twenty-five years to get their mass-production organization properly "run-in." At Ystradgynlais they say it'll be with the second generation that they'll reap their full reward.

Meantime, the management is well pleased with its miners' daughters. The Welsh, in turn, are well pleased with the new people and things that have entered the life of their valley. They flock to the club the watch company has conjured out of a converted cowshed, to the dances and discussion groups and cookery classes.

The valley has taken the watch factory to itself: the timekeeper coming round with his records is "Dai the Book," and though the nameplate on the street of new houses where the English foremen live reads "Alder Avenue," to Ystradgynlais, which will tolerate no such Anglo-Saxon prosaicism, it is "Tick-tock Avenue."

Cockneys like Dennis Blake, of Hackney, assembly shop foreman, fight good*

naturedly for national survival, but it's a losing battle. Already they are following the fortunes of Swansea Town as keenly as they ever cheered the Arsenal, and production manager Holland reports, without alarm, that his two young children are talking Welsh like natives.

But, all the time, in the spreading factory behind the alders, English and Welsh are getting together with some effect.

Eighteen months ago, little Margaret Jones in the packing department was feeling bored with only forty watches to pack away each day. Now she's coping with 2,000 watches a day—and every week the total rises.

Wrist Watches Next

Ystradgynlais has been cutting its horological teeth on the pocket watch. Next spring, it goes into production with a man's wrist watch, and, shortly afterwards, in a new dust-sealed building, it will put its new-found skills to test with a lady's wrist watch.

By 1952, Britain's newest mass-production industry aims to be producing 8,000,000 clocks and 4,000,000 watches each year.

In sixty-odd export markets, British clocks and watches are selling steadily. Nevertheless, this is a highly competitive business and we are still beginners with nearly everything to learn.

Practice makes perfect, but practice takes time. And time is what we have very little of—no more than a breathing space while the Americans supply the demands of their war-starved home market, while the Germans, French and Swiss get back into their prewar stride.

This time our watch men have the Government behind them. Now it's up to Ystradgynlais. Mr. Leyshon, the company's secretary, complains that when he rings up the factory from London, he has to spell out the name of the place. He's a Welshman, but he'd like it changing.

But once noticed, never forgotten. If the fingers of Ystradgynlais's miners' daughters are deft enough, the world will learn to spell the name of this little place at the end of a Welsh valley as it learned to write the name of Greenwich, that other British capital of Time.

FREE SPEECH

AS AN EX-R.A.F. wireless operator-air gunner who was demobbed three years ago, I applied to rejoin as soon as the new scheme for air crew was advertised.

I sent all particulars, detailing my demob date, and received a warrant to travel to Innsworth, Gloucester. After an overnight journey, I was interviewed on arrival and told what rank I could expect to receive.

The next day I had a full air-crew medical examination, passed satisfactorily; and on the third day had a final interview by two officers.

To my consternation, I was turned down on the grounds that I had been out too long to get back to standard in a short time. As I gave my demob date in the original application, I am at a loss to understand why I was called on to waste three days of my time, much trouble, and the cost to the tax-payer of a return fare.—A. BOWERS, 39 St. Cuthberts Terrace, Millfield, Sunderland.

Cruelty at Market

SOME WEEKS AGO, while on holiday in Kent, I went round a local market. It was most interesting, but I was really shocked when I saw the barbarous method that is apparently still in use for marking pigs.

One official pierced the ears of these poor creatures with a huge pair of pincers. Too see the blood run and hear the shrill screams was really disgusting. Surely in this modern age we can find a more humane way of putting the necessary identification marks on these animals.—H. ETHERINGTON, 148 Gillespie Road, London, N.5.

Eye-testing

DR. HARVEY GRAHAM'S article, "A Million Pairs of Spectacles" (JOHN BULL, November 20) was most interesting and valuable, but it raised some points that might be misunderstood.

Any qualified ophthalmic optician is, of course, competent to make an ophthalmoscopic examination, and enters the National Health Service on precisely the same terms as an ophthalmic medical practitioner so far as his relations to the patient are concerned, although not with the same remuneration.

Both of them are restricted to testing sight, and must inform a general medical practitioner of any abnormality of the eyes that cannot be treated in the normal

manner.—G. H. GILES, Secretary, The Association of Optical Practitioners, 65 Brook Street, London, W.1.

Can't Afford Baby-sitters . . .

I AM NOT SURPRISED that Miss Barbara Aspinall (JOHN BULL, November 20) received no applications for her services as a baby-sitter at 18. 3d. an hour. Few young couples can afford an evening out with a "sitting-in" bill at that rate.

In this town, members of the Girls' Club are volunteer baby-sitters. They ask for no reward other than a good fire, the wireless, and perhaps supper.—MRS. KATHLEEN PRITCHARD, "Aventine," Cliff Terrace, Aberystwyth.

. . . Councils Could Help

PARENTS ARE NATURALLY reluctant to leave children in the care of strangers. Local councils would do a valuable service by compiling a list of reliable baby-sitters, with a recognized fee. Perhaps the W.V.S. could organize this.

As a mother of three young children, I feel it would be the ideal solution.—MRS. F. WILBRAHAM, 8 Grayson Avenue, Whitefield, Manchester.

. . . Try Courting Couples

APPROACH ENGAGED COUPLES. They're only too pleased to have the loan of a warm, comfortable room where they can chat in peace.—MRS. AILSA HUGGINS, Monte Rosa, West Parade, Llandudno.

. . . Volunteer

I READ RECENTLY that sitters-in are demanding more than 18. 6d. an hour. Well, I'd like a plateful at that price.

I am nearly sixteen, have the physique of a man—and I have to keep pace with men at a heavy engineering works—yet my pay is just over 6d. an hour.—W. FOSTER, 37 Wright Street, Derby.



W. Foster

Challenge to Communism

THE ASSERTION BY THE Rev. W. E. Purcell in his article "Cross versus Kremlin" (JOHN BULL, November 20) that Communism must be challenged by positive Christianity rather than the satanic means of push-button war is an invaluable contribution to the solution of

the problems between East and West.

A little practical religion, expressed in terms of mutual help and co-operation, and the prime Christian virtues of love, kindness, peace and goodwill, would prove that our western world really has something in Christianity.

Sincere and positive Christianity is the only real answer to the challenge of Communism.—R. BACHELOR, 208 Derby Road, Burton-on-Trent.

A Communist Answers

AS A COMMUNIST WHO HAS enjoyed a strict Church of England upbringing I welcome this challenge, because I think we should win. Force of example is more potent than force of arms, and the basis of the Communist creed is to love one's neighbour as oneself—whatever his race or colour.

If ministers of religion had really known their jobs they would have been leading the hunger marches decades ago; they would now be fighting for decent housing, better education, a living wage for the workers, and helping frantic, evicted families. Yet it is left to Communist "materialists" to do these things.

A common charge is that we act for ulterior, political motives. Quite true. Our motive is to build with the peoples of all the world a society in which this state of affairs does not exist.

The Communist cannot quiet an uneasy conscience with the thought that he has a beautiful spirit. He has to be up and doing. We are implacably opposed to a religion of rich prelates tolerating social injustice. So, I believe, was Jesus Christ.—PATRICK GOLDRING, 92 Brudenell Road, London, S.W.17.

Half-caste Problem

WHILE AGREEING WITH JOHN BULL'S leader attacking colour prejudice (November 20), I know from twenty-five years' experience of living in Jamaica that the main objection to lowering colour bars is the fear of intermarriage.

Jamaica is a sad example of this. Due to the association of whites and blacks, half-caste children are to be seen whose colour varies from jet black to Scandinavian fairness. They are to be pitied far more than the Negro, as they are despised by both black and white.—S. L. REES, 12a Park Close, Hampton-on-Thames, Middlesex.

John Bull in Africa

WHENEVER FRIENDS in England remember, I receive JOHN BULL out here, and I can assure you each copy has a long life. After passing through the hands of

many friends in Bulawayo it then goes to a relative in a remote village of Bechuanaland. But I wish it were sent more regularly.—L. McK., S. Rhodesia. (Full name and address enclosed.)

* Readers can buy a year's subscription for a friend overseas for 17s. 4d. A specially designed Christmas card bearing the sender's name and greeting explains that a copy of JOHN BULL will be dispatched regularly throughout the year. Postal orders should be sent to the publishers of JOHN BULL, 6 Catherine Street, London, W.C.2, and friend's name and address should be written in block letters. Mark letters "Christmas Subscription."—EDITOR.

Going Down Under

WHEN JOHN BULL PUBLISHED my letter on the difficulties of emigrating to Australia (JOHN BULL, June 28, 1947), I could not have foreseen the wonderful results.

One of the many letters I received came from a complete stranger in Australia. He volunteered, subject to certain particulars being given, to nominate me himself. This was duly done, and I am happy to tell you that my family and I leave for Australia this month.

It is a great tribute to JOHN BULL'S world-wide readership, and I offer my heartfelt thanks for the decisive help.—W. J. HONEYCHURCH, 20 Denne Parade, Horsham, Sussex.

No Change

I SEE THAT THE advocates of brighter clothes for men are at it again! In 1949, says the British Colour Council, the fashionable man will be wearing suits in "jungle wine," "cloud beige," "bottle green," and hats in similar exotic shades. He won't, you know. In 1949—and 1950—he'll still be wearing the same old mud-grey, earthy-brown and lamp-black suits, and feeling perfectly happy about it. The day I'm found wearing a "jungle wine" suit and a "blue pine" hat, it will be to celebrate Aneurin Bevan's acceptance of a peerage!—L. GILLMAN, 19 Wandle Side, Wallington, Surrey.



L. Gillman

WITH MY FEET UP • by Ian Fox

THE DOVE OF PEACE idled in the air. I did a slightly unsteady victory roll and nibbled happily at her olive branch. The Blue Bird of Happiness came fluttering up.

"Coo, isn't it wonderful," said the Dove of Peace. "Bernard Shaw has said that Russia does not want war and if Stalin tried to start one he would lose his job."

"Anything that makes you happy makes me happy, too," said the Blue Bird.

There was a rush of wings. "Squaaark!" said the Stormy Petrel, buzzing the Dove of Peace.

"I'm playing at Yaks," he explained. "Yaks don't do that now," said the Dove of Peace. "Not since that nice Mr. Shaw spoke."

"Zoom!" said the Vulture, dropping from a height and having a buzz at the Dove, too.

"You're nasty, horrid things," said the Dove of Peace. "I shall report you to the All Birds Council for Peace and Happiness."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the Vulture.

"He, he, he!" said the Stormy Petrel. "Come on, Vulch, old boy, let's take a quick swoop over Palestine."

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

SOME WEEKS AGO in Paris, Matthew Halton received a telegram from the B.B.C. which read something like this: "We want a story from you about European postwar achievements in France. Get actuality recordings from Juvisy Marshalling Yard showing how radio control and latest photo-electric devices are used to get wagonloads of perishable fruit and vegetables from the south of France to the north in record time."

At the same time another journalist, Edward Ward, in Milan, was being told to illustrate how the Como hydro-electric scheme is being used to produce two rice crops a year out of inferior soil. In Brussels, Colin Wills was being instructed to contact Monsieur So-and-So, who would provide a story on Belgian dyes.

These briefs to B.B.C. correspondents in Europe were for the *Progress Report* which is to be broadcast next week on European postwar achievements.

Progress Report is an up-to-the-minute example of B.B.C. "spot" reporting developed in the last two years from covering the nation's recovery effort. The feature began when W. Farquharson Small, a B.B.C. producer, was sent to do a "spot" job on the fuel crisis. His *Crisis Report* focused on the men and women of industry.

The crisis passed, though our industrial struggle continued. Farquharson Small went on broadcasting about it. There were twelve Production Reports on vital industries. Early this year they were called *Progress Reports*, the first series of which ran for four months.

Next week's *Progress Report* will be the last of the second series, but already a third is being discussed.

Plan a Month Ahead

A *Progress Report* is the work of a team. Preparation begins with a conference a month before each broadcast is due. The conference is attended by Farquharson Small, the producer; Laurence Gilliam, head of the B.B.C. Features Department; and key members of *Progress Report's* editorial team.

The subject is discussed in general terms. Notes pile up—suggestions, ideas, all of which are passed to the researchers, who have a week to produce a memorandum from published works, Press cuttings and official documents.

At the next conference, a week later, a skeleton draft emerges. From this, briefs are prepared for correspondents in the field who get their information by questioning managing directors, shop managers, foremen, then the workers actually on the job. Main points are illustrated by an actuality recording, heightened by noises off to give realism to the effect.

Once at a steelworks, Edward Ward wanted the noise of white-hot coke being pushed into waiting trucks. The coke oven was too hot to approach, so Ward tied the "mike" to a pole, wrapping up the contraption in wet rags and asbestos. Scarcely had they started recording when "mike," pole, rags and all burst into flame. But the "mike" survived, and when they played back the disc the effect was superb.

The suggestion is that on-the-spot voice recordings—actuality recordings—are spontaneous, but sometimes these are read from a script, checked down to the last pause. *Progress Reporters* swear, however, that the subject is not prompted in his choice of words; Warwick Charlton, one of the home correspondents, became indignant at the suggestion.

I took up his offer to see for myself and we went into a cycle factory working a night shift. Men and women were working in that factory, transferred from all over Britain. There were coloured

If you ask me...

Progress Report has asked people about their work for two years. Here's how the Report is compiled

by DENNIS HOLMAN

workers from Jamaica and Trinidad, and European Volunteer Workers from the concentration camps.

Charlton walked from bench to bench trailing a "mike" at the end of a 200-yard cable. As he spoke to them, workers stopped and said what they thought. If what they said sounded interesting they were asked to repeat it into the "mike." There was no fuss. What these men and women said was straight off the cuff.

According to Warwick Charlton, the most garrulous types in pubs, streets, offices, are usually dumb in front of a "mike." One navvy slanged the B.B.C. for ten minutes until Charlton produced a "mike" and told him to carry on. The man didn't have another word to say.

On the other hand the modest ones are often like George Barr, President of the Clydeside Shipbuilders' Association.

"There's nothing I want to say," he replied in answer to Charlton's request. "But if you ask me..." and he went on, getting quite heated.

"Would you like to repeat what

you've just said?" Charlton asked. George Barr did. His piece was on the air a week later.

The actuality recording of all time is that of Mrs. Hall, of Rochdale, a landlady who talks of how she deals with the problem of Continental cooking when boarding E.V.W.s. The disc is kept among the famous. Producer Farquharson Small plays it back with the pride of a collector. It is in broad Lancashire and it runs like this:

"Well, I thought on Saturday mornings when they were at home that I would let them experiment. So I went round to the Italian warehouse place and got them some paprika, pimento, some garlic, and I said, 'Now, you set to and make your own.' Well, the stuff they made was a nice concoction, nice and thick in the pan, you could stick the fork up in it. My! it did smell good!"

"They did like it and they said, 'Mrs. All, you taste!' But I thought of the garlic and stuff and me getting indigestion. Anyhow they said, 'We'll save some for Mr. All.' Mr. All! It didn't appeal to him either; but the chickens had it, and it did make them lay! So it wasn't wasted after all."

Correspondents are generally received with great enthusiasm. Continentals react with emotion when the B.B.C. mobile recording unit suddenly turns up out of the blue.

Joe Burroughs describes his arrival with a recording van at a little Italian town at the foot of the Alps: "Every man, woman and child who could walk turned out to meet us. The mayor made a stirring speech, the clergy blessed our enterprise, and the band played 'God Save the King.'"

Get the General Picture

To these people it is heartwarming that the British should want to know what they think in the factories, how they are getting on. And this is vital if the view is taken that the whole of Western Europe must recover together.

"Workers," explains Graham Hutton, economic adviser to *Progress Report*, "tend very much to remain in their own watertight compartments. A weaver hardly ever sees a spinner. They work in different places, live very often in different towns. *Progress Report* relates their effort to the whole industry. They hear how their industry forms part of the national economy; and in simple terms they learn how the nation's output is connected with the world situation." In Yorkshire, Hutton talked with 400

textile operatives. Many quoted *Progress Report* broadcasts of a month back. One said: "Heard Joe Maguire talking about Riggs's mill on the radio last week. Bah gum! Joe was champion!"

It is getting voices like Joe Maguire's telling the nation of his part in a production story that makes "spot" reporting one of the most costly techniques to put across on the air. But the policy of starring the Joe Maguires is paying off already. In less than a year *Progress Report* has a listeners' rating in excess of eleven and a half million.

One of Farquharson Small's ideas for getting under the skin of a foreign industry was to send British workers on "spot" reporting jobs to the Continent. They see for themselves; make recordings, not so much of man hours and output statistics, but in human terms of homes, pay packets, working conditions. It is a peach of an assignment, and away from home many a solid citizen has often been tempted to let himself go.

After the Match

A few weeks ago Tom Waldron and a Durham miner visited the Dutch pits, talked to Dutch miners at the coal face. On Sunday they went to a football match, and on the way back Waldron suggested they stop for a drink.

"Ay," the British miner agreed, throwing discretion to the winds. "It sounds like a good idea. But if my wife ever found out that I'd been in a pub on Sunday, I'd never hear the end of it!"

The deadline for getting material back to London is a week before the programme is due, when all the reports are collated and the disc telediphoned on to typescript for the editorial boffins to decide how it is to be presented.

Graham Hutton prepares a summary that boils down the material into an understandable story. The final draft is ready by Tuesday, circulated to every member of the unit, and that morning they meet in Studio S1 of Broadcasting House.

Farquharson Small starts rehearsing, timing, cutting; distilling twenty-eight and a half minutes of *Progress Report* out of a month's planning, research, masticated pipe stems, phone calls, telegrams, trips, reports, questions, opinions, disappointments, frustrations; masses of it scrapped, lying, as they say in films, on the cutting-room floor.

But "Farquhy" has his twenty-eight and a half minutes. At nine fifteen that night it is on the air.



Progress Report gets editors' revise. Farquharson Small stands on right

THIS WEEK'S COVER



THESE carol singers owe a lot to the cover artist, W. E. Narraway. Until recently there wasn't a fully-fledged choir in existence in the village of Holbury St. Mary, Surrey, where he lives. So Narraway, with the painting in his mind but no singers to act as models, got together some local boys and set them warbling round a piano. By the time the painting was finished, the village was so keen it formed a real choir.

The jacaranda tree

Following on the heels of the tension and squabbling

there now came tragedy

by H. E. BATES

JUST AS THEY are forging ahead of the main stream of refugees from Burma, Paterson's car breaks down. Paterson orders Portman, driver of the other car, to wait until repairs are completed.

But Portman's party see in this mishap an excuse to press on alone. From the start of the journey they have resented being tied to Paterson and his not very acceptable travelling companions: Paterson's Burmese boy, Tuesday; the boy's sister, Nadia; and that uncertain quantity, Miss Allison, the Eurasian nurse.

Paterson, however, is adamant. As one party, they stand, he argues, a good chance of reaching the border. To divide at this stage would be to invite disaster. He tells Portman to stand by at the foot of the hill while he himself attends to the breakdown.

This, however, does not allay the impatience of Portman's group. There is lovely Mrs. Portman, privately affronted by Paterson's indifference to her charms. There is Mrs. McNairn, openly anti-Paterson, and her daughter Connie: Connie, whom her mother considers to have been "jilted" by Paterson and who is now troubled by conflicting loyalties. There is Betteson, and his eccentric wife who makes Paterson furious by implying that Nadia is pregnant—up to now a subject of gossip only behind Paterson's back.

Standing slightly aloof from the rest of the ill-assorted party is Major Brain, who tries to be of as much practical help as he can.

The dispute as to whether Portman's party should go on separately reaches a climax when a Dutchman in a passing car spreads rumours of Japanese-inspired ruthlessness not far back on the road, of active fifth columns—and of cholera. Mrs. McNairn and Mrs. Portman tackle Paterson again. He loses patience and shouts: "For God's sake, go!"

PART V

On with the journey

PATERSON bicycled back from the village just before noon on the following day, the pipe repaired after some difficulty because even there the exodus fever was beginning, aggravated by wild rumours that the Japanese had bombed Rangoon and left it nothing but a burning wilderness of ravaging vulture and pi-dog and crow gorging on streets of scorched and rotting flesh.

He knew at once by the way Major Brain and Tuesday were waiting for him on the hilltop, the boy without a smile on his face, that the Portmans had gone.

"I feel in some way it's my fault," the major said. "I ought to have dissuaded them."

"It's not your fault. It's, nobody's fault but theirs."

As they drove on about two o'clock that afternoon, the car running normally again and without roughness on the first gradient between the rising terraces of little rice-fields, the major and Miss Allison quite comfortable in the back among the rearranged water cans and boxes of food, Paterson felt a sense of release at the thought of going on alone.

Freed of the irritations of the

Portmans, the responsibilities, the silly fretful anxieties, he could take the road as he liked to take it, not thinking forward or back but living only in the present moment, about a dozen yards ahead of the bonnet of the car.

Their speed was down to about ten miles an hour. Up the gradients, Paterson crawled in second and sometimes even lower gear. The noise of the engine and the horn continually brought round to stare at him a double stream of faces, brown and pinkish cream and black and Indian red: the faces not only of Burmese but of half-Burmese, of scraggy Indians running like starving saints, clutching filthy dhotis, of Bengalis and Tamils, of odd mixtures of Indo-Burmese, of flat-faced infants wrapped like yellow cocoons on the back of flat-faced mothers.

An hour farther on, a woman lay dead on the track, and a little farther on an Indian, a scarecrow of sun-wrinkled leather, died even as the car went past. He stood for a second weakly crucified by sun, eyes darkly waxen, arms clutching faintly back at hot glittering rock, fingers failing in bony despair.

As the carcase fell forward, grotesquely doubled, seeming to shrivel as it lay, Paterson stopped the car because Major Brain was shouting.

He kept the engine running while the major and Miss Allison got out and went back.

The Indian had no friends. All about him the faces that watched the major and the nurse as they pulled him out of the sun into the shade of the nearest tree watched impassively. They did not belong to him. An Indian—Hindu, Moslem, Untouchable—it was not for them. A strange man, anonymous, foreign, a worker from another country.

"A Bengali, I think," the major said as he and Miss Allison got back into the car.

"Exhaustion?"

"It seemed like it."

"He would have died anyway. They're always the first to go."

"I suppose so."

Very upset, the major did not speak again for a long time.

All afternoon the sun burned down on the gullies, through the shadeless expanses of road and even the shade, with numbing savagery. The light became a fiercely impersonal thing. It shot down with the white pain of an electric bulb of high power held brutally in front of the face.

Later that afternoon there were three more bodies on the road. A bullock that had died had the vultures already on it, slipping and clawing and gorging on the ripe flesh like bald evil turkeys. The odour of the rotting body sprang out of the afternoon, hot and fetid. The air was poisonously charged for half a mile beyond it, and in the great heat the major could not get it out of his nostrils. When they camped at five, he was still at the point of vomiting.

That night, since they had only one

tent, the major slept in the open air. And when Paterson came to say good night to him he discovered that he had fixed up for himself a mosquito-net, quite simply, by driving two bamboo supports into the ground and tying two more overhead.

He lay underneath it, smoking his pipe, looking up at the stars.

"I suppose you think it's damn silly, the net," he said.

"No."

"Purely a Service habit. Can't get out of it. One gets malaria all the same."

It seemed to Paterson that the major had an anxious desire to talk.

Over in the solitary tent Miss Allison's light went out. Paterson knew that there in the same tent Nadia was lying awake, waiting to come to him.

"Paterson," said Major Brain.

"Yes?"

"I shall be going back tomorrow, Paterson."

THE major spoke simply and firmly, without fuss. It did not occur to Paterson to utter a word, either of surprise or protest, in answer.

"I was never happy about coming."

"No."

"It was purely and simply why I brought the bicycle."

"It'll be a little difficult riding," Paterson said.

"When I can't ride I shall walk, and the bicycle will be awfully useful to carry my stuff on."

Somewhere in the hills the jackals had already begun to cry, wailing like lost women in the darkness.

"I haven't been able to bear the thought of Miss Ross and Fielding back there at the hospital."

"No."

"I suppose one's training is all against the thought of retreat. The idea of running away. That's the most miserable thing in the world."

"I can see that."

"Then I love this country. I love the people. Always have. Rather as you do."

"How did you know that?"

"One sees it simply in the way you go about things."

Over against Miss Allison's tent the flap of canvas moved and made a stir of noise in the thick darkness, and Paterson suddenly felt poised, not restless but tense, between the major and the girl who was stirring to come to him.

"The way you treat the people. Out in the East the average European becomes a savage. It does that to him."

"I wouldn't say that."

"But you love the people. And the country. It's not something that's been imposed on you. It really matters."

Paterson felt touched and did not know what to say.

"You see, one can't run out on things like that," the major said.

Over by the tent Nadia, hearing their voices, crouched down, and Paterson

heard her body slide against the canvas, softly.

"Of course, one understands Portman and Betteson and those people. They're office chaps. They have no notion of service."

Paterson listened again for the girl, but now there was no sound.

"But I'm not made like that. I can't do it. I've never been to England for thirty years and I wouldn't know how to go on there if I did. This is my country."

"When do you think of starting?"

"I shall see you off in the morning and then go."

"We'll fit you up with the latest comforts," Paterson said.

He stood up; there seemed no more to say. From against the tent there was no movement or sound, and for a few seconds more, before the jackals began crying again, the silence was limitless, tropically deep and breathless, all across the forested hills.

"Terrific number of stars," the major said. "Extraordinarily like fish, I always think, swimming round up there."

Paterson laughed and the major looked up at him quickly.

"You don't think it's awfully bloody silly?"

"The fish? Not at all."

"No. I didn't mean that. I meant the idea of going back."

"Not a bit."

"I'm awfully glad."

There seemed nothing more to say, and in a shy and embarrassed way the major held out his hand. Paterson took it and held it for a moment and the major smiled. They did not speak again and presently Paterson walked away from the little cage of mosquito netting, where the major lay looking up at the stars, and over to where, by the Buick, his own bed-roll was spread.

When after a few moments the girl came to him he could smell the fragrance of the thanaka powder she had dusted on her face and her body; it was very sweet and delicious and he could feel the flower in her hair. He lay for a moment or two looking up at the sky. He could see all the stars swimming above him, exactly as the major had seen them, and he felt he understood the major and his love for Burma and why he was going back.

STRAINING to make up time, Portman drove rather fast. Repeatedly the narrowing track switchbacked, and now and then swung out in treeless arcs cut on a perimeter of rising rock, and a speed of twenty and even lower seemed like the seventy of an open road.

Sometimes the car struck pockets of dust milled by wheels to the fineness of flour, and where wind had drifted the yellow flour over lumps of submerged rock the car, hitting the rock, leapt up as if dynamited and then down into the dust hollows, wheels churning madly for

a second or two until Portman pulled it out again. It was only by taking these pockets fast, Portman discovered, that they could get through them at all.

As he drove, he reflected they were well ahead of Paterson; and, more important, well ahead of the main stream of refugees. He was pleased about that: pleased because he saw no reason not to believe the story the Dutchman had told. Cholera and butchery were the natural results of a shambles like this. Or, if not cholera and butchery, then typhoid and treachery, malaria and dacoits—it was all the same in the end. He was taking no chances.

All the time he kept looking ahead for the Dutchman. Sometimes when they stopped they could see, finely imprinted on the shallower dust, the tyre marks of his car. He had an idea that if they could catch up with the Dutchman the Bettisons could ride with him. It would relieve the load, and they were rather a bore.

He had discovered, for instance, that Bettison carried the bronze Buddha. And when he had asked why, and Bettison had said, "My lucky charm," Portman had suddenly the feeling that Bettison was one of those helpless people for whom nothing ever goes right, a sort of Jonah, and he wished they hadn't come. That night he had told his wife about the Buddha and of what a Jonah he thought Bettison was. She thought the whole idea very comic. "I can't think why we didn't call her Mrs. Jonah before," she said. "It's the perfect name."

Speed was down to under fifteen by noon of the third day. Sometimes for stretches of half a mile there were no refugees, and then they came in sudden bunches, ten or fifteen families, perhaps a whole hamlet, clotted together: the lumbering bullock cart piled high with bundles, the bundles piled high with children, the weedy grey cows straggling behind, a mass of thirty or forty people trailing out for a hundred yards.

ALL the time, the road was narrowing as it climbed. There was room to pass only if the carts pulled closely in. The country had a wild and blistered desolation about it that Portman hated.

Merely for something to say, he leaned slightly back in the driving seat and spoke to Bettison:

"By the by, I meant to ask you. Did you give the boy anything?"

"No."

"I offered him twenty chips. Funny: he wouldn't take it."

"Getting particular," Bettison said.

"Next week they'll be sucking up to the Japs."

"He won't say no to twenty chips in India," Mrs. Portman said.

"Good old India," Portman said.

"The first thing I do in India is to go to the club and order myself the longest, coldest Tom Collins you ever saw."

"On the contrary," Mrs. Portman said, "we'll be at Temazini's almost before the car is in Chowringee. You know Temazini's, Mrs. Bettison?"

"No."

"It's Swiss. The most wonderful tea in the world."

"It's painful," Portman said. "Don't let's talk about it."

"And the cakes," Mrs. Portman said.

"Just like a piece of Switzerland."

"Well, it won't be long now," Portman said.

The car went slowly forward, penned in by forested hills. The road wound into them like a yellow river-bed, salt-fringed at the edges by blown dust, its distances killed colourless by sun.

Connie McNairn, not listening, thought of Paterson. The Portmans had never

liked Burma; the Bettisons had never had any luck there. Major Brain and Paterson knew the country and loved it. But what, after all, did she know of Burma? She felt that she knew less than she knew of Paterson.

In a way, they were two parallel experiences in romanticism. She had met Paterson by chance in England, and back in Burma she had created the illusion, the monstrously idiotic illusion, that Paterson was ready to marry her. And now Burma and Paterson were vanishing together. They were both behind her and she would probably never see them again. They were her parallel disillusionment, too.

And then suddenly Portman was shouting, raving at a new mass of traffic ahead. He was pushing the gears and trying to keep the car running and his elbow was hard on the button of the horn.

Ahead was a stationary bullock cart, and in a moment Portman had stopped, too. It was the very thing he wanted to avoid.

"Get the damn thing out, you idiots! Get it out! Get on!"

The massed brown Mongolian faces that turned to look at the raving Englishman had the flat neutrality of plates. They did not smile. When the bullock cart moved forward, they, too, moved forward, dumb, squinting, imponderable as the bullock and the cart.

"Pull it over!" Portman shouted.

"Pull it right over!"

He revved the engine madly and kept his elbow on the horn.

"That's the East all over!" he shouted. "Bags of time for everything.

Centuries to get out of the damn country."

Bettison leaned out of the back window and shouted, too, in Burmese.

"They're these hill-clots," Portman said. "They speak a different lingo."

But the bullock cart drew over.

"Wonderful," Portman said. "Marvellous. The clots understood."

The car moved forward and then stuck. Portman held it for a moment, let it into reverse and then again into forward gear. It jumped and gripped and went ahead, too fast, straight at the bullock cart. Mrs. McNairn let out a scream. Portman pulled the car sharply over and suddenly there was nothing between him and the long sun-scalded declivity of rock plunging downward into the forest impenetrably lying below.

He pulled the car back in time and the twist of its wheels took it safely

As the car lurched over in a cumbrous, terrifying roll, Mrs. Bettison gave Connie a violent push that threw the girl clear

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS



K. J. PETTS

through the hollow of dust where the bullock cart had been bogged a moment before. He yelled for the cart to be pulled over again, swearing out of the window. A Burmese woman with a baby on her back swore back at him. He belched the fury of the car horn at her, and she leapt as if shot. Suddenly the baby puckered its flat Mongolian-eyed face and began to cry and Mrs. Portman said, "Don't antagonize them. You never know."

The sweat poured down Portman's face and down over his neck and chest until he could feel it soaking like tepid water through his shirt. Outside the window the woman with the crying baby picked up a rock, and as Mrs. McNairn screamed again he remembered the Dutchman's story about butchery and he was newly frightened because of it, and then angry with himself, simply because he was afraid.

In fear he swung the car over again. This time Betteson shouted, "There's not room to get through, man!" and Portman remembered what a dreadful Jonah, with his stupid Buddha and his luck, Betteson was.

"I know what I'm doing!" he shouted. "For God's sake shut up!"

And then once again there was nothing between him and the declivity of rock below. The car seemed to be riding out on the glittering air. There was nothing under it; the dust did not hold it; and in front of him the Burmese were prancing about in all directions. He saw a figure in brilliant magenta waistcloth spring up out of the dust like a flame just in front of the bonnet of the car. Whether it was man or woman he never knew.

THE figure was caught up by the car like a shred of purple paper and for a single second the car and the figure were one. They rode skyward toward the glassy incrustations of forest extending infinitely beyond the rocks below. In the stab of sunlight on the terrorized face Portman saw the lips of it open as if in laughter. They simply bared the yellow teeth in a scream.

At the back of the car Mrs. McNairn was flaying about with her parasol and someone was wrenching at the handle of the door. In front of Portman the bullocks were locked together in a sudden cumbrous stampede, lunging across the road to give him, at the last moment, another foot of room. He pulled the car into this space, and miraculously the screaming face, the flying crazy piece of human paper, bronze and purple together, were flung free.

In another moment the car went over. Mrs. Betteson behaved with extraordinary sanity. She had had a vivid impression of Mrs. McNairn madly flaying about with the parasol. In the front her husband and Mr. Portman were shouting at each other. For some moments she had seen quite clearly what would happen.

And suddenly, as the car went over, not fast, but in a great, cumbrous terrifying roll, she snatched the parasol out of Mrs. McNairn's hands and hooked it into the handle of the door. She pulled with a strong, calm tug and the door flew back, taking the parasol with it. A second later she gave Connie McNairn a violent push and the girl was flying clear of the car.

What seemed a long time later she went out herself. She went out into a barrage of rock and petrol cans, and over her head the trailer flew down the cliff in an arc of uncanny clearness, like a flying cart.

When Connie McNairn picked herself up she was about twenty feet down the face of the cliff. Great pressure of monsoon rain had brought down from the road a bank of sand that lay like a cushioned plateau on an underlip of rock before the perpendicular drop below.

She lay there for a second or two on her stomach; and then she looked up to see the face of the cliff ringed with moons, half-hostile, half-terrified, of Burmese faces. In another few moments she could reach the long yellow arms that hung down from the cliff like creepers, and she hauled herself up.

In the moment of catastrophe she felt quite calm. She stood on the cliff edge in frigid suspense, looking over. The Burmese were all about her, talking, shouting, gesticulating, staring down.

FAR down below, beyond the point where sand and rock met salt-grey bamboo and hill-scrub, dust was rising slowly into the sun like the column of smoke from an explosion. Against the impersonal background of folding hill-forest it seemed pitifully small. For a moment or two the girl thought of it as fire; she expected every moment to hear the crack of a real explosion.

The Burmese almost seemed to be expecting it, too. In a massed line they pointed down, staring and waiting, partly hushed; as the dust sailed upward and then, as if really the centre of a fire, burned orange in the sun. And then nothing happened. Down the cliff face the rocks ceased falling and the dust, rising to treble the height of the bamboos, suddenly came to an end of its violence and fell away like vaporous pollen on the trees. There was no explosion except from the Burmese: the long final explosive "Ah!" of wonder.

Far down the cliff, a foot or two away from where a new succession of rock steps went steeply down the last hundred feet of gorge, something glinted. The girl saw it curled on the sepia shale like the discarded skin of a snake, shining in the sun.

It was Mrs. McNairn's umbrella. More even than the long fatalistic sigh of wonder from the Burmese it brought home to the girl that the thing was over. The sun seemed to strike the silver handle of the parasol and glance painfully upwards and hit her. She felt very sick. She felt for a moment incapable of holding herself back from the long fainting fall over the edge. She was falling and dying.

Then she was sitting back on the road, in the shade of a rock. She felt very cold and bleak and two Burmese women were giving her water from a bottle. It was a square empty gin bottle and on her cold lips the water felt almost tepid. It tasted of nothing but dust and the queer artificial flavour of her lipstick. She could feel her lips cracked and dead where the skin had contracted and the lipstick had dried.

Suddenly in the middle of it all the girl once again felt very sick. Drawn upward by waves of wet coldness, the life ran out of her face. She remembered holding on to her handbag, winding the leather thong of the strap round her wrists with bloodless desperation. And then there was nothing. The sun blackened her vision again and she felt herself swim away. In a strange re-enactment she was falling once again from the car.

She came to herself lying in a bullock cart. She had been covered with a shawl of blue and cyclamen in some light, half-

transparent material that she had pulled instinctively over her face. When she came fully to herself she did not move. She did not want to move. Underneath her the road rocked in slow ship-like rolls, pitching the cart. She could smell the dung-warm odour of bullocks.

No one came to her for most of that afternoon and she did not get up. She relaxed gradually into a state of stupefied calm. She moved only once, to roll half over so that she could lie in the narrow shadow given by the side of the cart, and then she was still again, covered by the cloth; half conscious in a world of blue-rose cloud. The thought that she was alone in the world for the first time shaped itself in that queer half-consciousness in the strangest way.

Except for Paterson she was quite alone now and she was very glad. Sooner or later Paterson would catch up with her. For the first time since the meeting in England they would be together without the devastating intervention of her mother. They would go on to India together; they would be free; he would be desperately sorry for her. Out of the pity and relief the death of her mother aroused there would come, sooner or later, a sort of affection.

She was glad her mother was dead. She was glad the Portmans were dead. All of that world of stupid intrigue, of narrow jealousies, all the petty plotting gossip of that tiny microcosm back in the European quarter: all of it had suddenly been consumed in a flash. Nothing remained of it except her mother's parasol: the cast snake-skin of the old life, glittering and dead and shrivelling and worthless back there in the sun.

It was only when the cart finally stopped and she sat up to see where she was that she felt anything like a burst of rational thought. Across the hills the day was sinking away in deep ridges of purple and tawny rose, the upper air palest almond green, without a trace of blue. She could smell the smoke of fires, and when she got up she saw that the cart had turned off the road into the little street of a bazaar.

News of the exodus from Burma had not reached this village. There was no panic in the solemn, friendly little street.

And suddenly the very ordinariness of it terrified her. She was trapped in its little backwater, lost from Paterson. The fear came to her that somewhere back on the road Paterson would presently be rushing on past the point where she would ever see him again, and would think her dead.

She knew then that she had to go back.

As the day went on and the column of refugees thickened up the road ahead of Paterson's car, more than ever like overloaded stumbling beetles groping through sunlit fog, the act of Major Brain appeared to the boy Tuesday as an increasingly astounding thing.

He could understand Paterson; he could understand his sister; and he could understand the refugees. The refugees were as simple to understand as night following day. They were running away, as sensible people would, from an approaching enemy.

He could even understand Mr. Portman, in great haste to run in the opposite direc-

tion to the major. Perhaps he could understand Mr. Portman best of all. Mr. Portman had offered him money; and then afterwards had asked for six extra cans of petrol and two of oil. He did not take the money and Mr. Portman did not like it. The boy did not like it, either. But at the same time he understood; he could not fail to understand.

Quite simply also he understood Mr. Betteson, who looked sometimes as if he could knock his head off, and Mrs. Betteson, who treated him with that funny troublesome affection when she helped with the fires.

He also understood Mrs. McNairn, who was taking her umbrella to India, and her daughter Connie.

But not the major. The major was not running forward, but back. Worse still, he was the only person in Burma running back. Everyone else in Burma was running forward. Not a young man, obviously not a man of high status because he rode only a bicycle, the major appeared to have behaved with vast and incalculable folly.

Yet at the same time it did not seem so simple as that. If it was plainly an act of such idiocy why hadn't Paterson tried to stop him from going backward as he had tried several times to stop Mr. Portman from going forward? The boy had heard all the raging arguments about it. But Paterson had done no such thing. On the contrary he seemed to have encouraged the major.

BUT if the behaviour of the major greatly perturbed the boy it shattered Miss Allison. As she sat staring into the dust that overhung the road in a perpetual sulphur-grey cloud, Major Brain's decision to turn back focused her own conflict. She thought of Dr. Fielding at the hospital she had left behind.

Fielding was not young; but a greyish-haired heavy man of fifty-nine or sixty who had served a little in the Army, first in France and then remotely in places like Agra and Mizapur, and then had suddenly thrown it up. He had come to Burma non-medically, as he used to say, just looking round.

And somehow, from the first, it had got hold of him. It had fascinated him and would not let him go. That was twenty years ago. And now he was Chief District Medical Officer, and the hospital, from being nothing much more than a converted godown, had grown a high, cool white wing on either side of itself.

That was Fielding: to take something that was half-nothing, half-something, and perform a transmutation. And since it was his genius to do it not only with buildings and places but most of all with people, he had done it with herself. She, too, was a creature that was half-nothing, half-something; neither European nor Asiatic, neither white nor coloured, neither of one world nor another. She had been thrown up with no status at all. And at the hospital Fielding had given her one.

She was one of a dozen girls, all Eurasian, who had worked up through the usual things: probationership, bed-baths, back-rubbing, enemas, bed-making, bed-bottles, temperatures, confinements, ante-operational duty, night duty, fatigue, sickness, babies, death. She

OH, JOHNNY!



by TIM

had gone to Fielding at sixteen, when the sight of blood and the thought of an enema had turned her thin, hypersensitive stomach sick. Now she was twenty. Now the sight of blood was no more than the spilling of red ink; an enema no more than blowing a nose; and she was not afraid of death.

Fielding had done all that. And yet when it came to it she was still neither one thing nor another. She had neither the temper, the phlegm nor the fibre of the English; and the joy of what were really her own people—the flower-in-the-hair gaiety—was never part of her. Fielding could not change that.

She knew what girls like herself so often became. Prostitutes in the brothels of Rangoon or the mistresses of Europeans in up-country bungalows. They drifted to Calcutta. Or they became shop assistants: too proud, as she was, of being thought Burmese or of speaking Burmese; passionate in their fear of not being thought white. Still only half-something, half-nothing; despised by one side, not mixing with the other.

And so when Fielding had put to her and the others the question of staying at the hospital, facing the conquest and quite possibly the rape of the country, she had not been able to say that she would stay. The forces of opposing blood had disrupted her completely.

Now, as she sat in the car that was moving forward through the dust, the thought of Major Brain started the conflict up again, whirling into her mind the dust of indecision, regret, conscience, treachery, fear. Fear of being confronted with a decision like the major's, the decision of going back; but fear also of the wrongness of going on, of sitting helplessly in the back of Paterson's car, of being borne away on the shattering roads, running with all the rest.

But it was all too late now. She ought to have gone back with the major; but it was too awful and too much.

The fog of thought in which she had been groping all day was suddenly shattered clear about four o'clock that afternoon.

In the front seat of the car the boy leapt up as if shot. The radio set he had been hugging to his knees jumped out of his arms like a living rabbit. It bounced clear out of his hands and he clutched it back with a shout.

A moment later Nadia was shouting, too.

"Patson sir! Patson sir!" the boy yelled. "Patson sir! Miss Con!" A hundred yards up the road Connie McNairn was waving her arms in slow signals, the sleeves of her blouse flapping up and down like injured wings.

Just before Paterson stopped the car Miss Allison got out and walked ahead up the road. She did not break into running. She was quite calm now and she seemed quite tall as she reached up and took Connie McNairn's waving arms out of the sky.

After a while, the boy stood at the crest of the cliff, with Nadia and Paterson, looking down.

Down below there was nothing to tell that Portman's car had ever been there except a petrol can lodged in the cleft of a dead acacia bough. The yellow monsoon-skimmed sand, with its bars of coppery-shale, swept away, empty in the sun. All of the people who had seen the car go over, with the exception of Connie McNairn, had gone.

"Tuesday," Paterson said. "If we got down there could we get back?"

"Nobody there," the boy said. "Never mind that. Could we get back?"

"Nobody there. All finished."

Paterson looked down. In the windless air the whole place had the unreality of shapes painted on board, all colour toned down, bamboos like brush-strokes



of palest fawn, rock and sand like unreflective washes of dull chrome and copper burnt out by sun.

"Find a place," Paterson said. "A path."

"No path, Patson sir. No good." "Nadia will go with you. Go and look."

The boy shook his head, always smiling. "No good."

"Go and look." "Yes, Patson sir." The boy walked slowly away.

Paterson went back to the car. Connie and Miss Allison were sitting in the back. Connie had borne up well, he thought. And Miss Allison, who had been such a drooping, anonymous, self-effacing figure ever since she had walked out like a sleepy ghost from among the rickshaws by the hospital, had suddenly become remarkably alive. In a curious way both had control of themselves; they were almost artificially calm.

"How now?" he said. "She's a little shocked, that's all," the nurse said. "She has no temperature. She needs a good lie down."

"How far is this village you spoke about, Connie?"

"I walked in two hours."

"I think I'll take you in there and then come back."

"Come back?" She looked violently startled.

"I want to get down to this place."

"You mean here? Is it necessary? Must you?"

"They may not be dead."

CONNIE sat staring straight in front of her. It struck Paterson at once that he had spoken too bluntly. The words seemed to shock her more visibly than the crash itself. All at once she looked terribly overwrought.

"The oddest things happen," he said. "You never know." That sounded wrong, too, and once again he wished he had never spoken.

And suddenly the girl seemed to go to pieces. In a groping and dismal little gesture she put her hands up in front of her face as if sweeping away a web. With-

out any other warning than that she began bitterly to cry.

"It's all right, it's all right," Miss Allison said. "It'll be better if you have a cry."

PATERSON felt dry and embarrassed and got into the driving seat and put his foot on the starter.

"I'll take her to this village," he said. As Paterson drove forward, Connie suddenly began beating on his shoulders in protest.

"Why do we have to come back? Why do we?"

Driving forward, he did not know what to say.

"If they're dead they're dead, aren't they?" she said. "Why can't we leave it at that?"

"It's very hot," Miss Allison said. "You'll wear yourself out. Try and be—"

"I don't want to try to be anything! Why do we have to drag it all up?" She continued to beat on Paterson's back with her hands. "It's perfectly idiotic! Why do we? Why do we?"

"It's the decent thing," he said. It struck him that it was exactly the thing Portman would say and he knew that it was something else he did not mean and he wished he had not said.

"I tell you they must be dead! I saw it. How could they get out of that fire?" "Fire?"

He spoke sharply. It was the first he had heard of fire.

"It burned all afternoon. I told you that."

No, he thought, you didn't tell me that. "I saw it! I ought to know!" she shouted.

"Gently, gently," Miss Allison said. "I ought to know what I saw and what I didn't see!"

"Yes," he said. "I forgot."

"Well, I can't forget! That's what I can't do. Don't drag me back into it! I've had enough!"

"All right."

"I've had enough! I've had enough!" She was crying helplessly now, less hysterically and less bitterly, and she ceased beating his back with her hands.

In the heat a great spurt of sweat had broken out of her face, mingling with her tears. Looking up into the driving mirror, he saw the drenched and startled face staring straight at him.

"I've had enough," she repeated. "I hate the whole country. I just feel I hate it all and I want to get out."

"All right," he said. "I feel I never want to see any of it again."

"I know," he said. "I know how you feel."

Tuesday came up the road and Paterson stopped the car and got out. In doing so he caught another glimpse of the girl. Her shoulders were stiff, her dress pulled tightly over her body. She gave him an extraordinary stare of frightened curiosity.

Paterson walked to meet Tuesday. He glanced across the valley, shading his eyes against the sun. Nothing moved across the ridges of moss-like forest repeating themselves into the farthest haze except a few jungle crows planing above the virgin bleached bamboo directly below. There was not the remotest trace of fire.

"Nothing here," the boy said. "All finished here." He smiled.

Nadia smiled, too, and got into the front of the car.

Still troubled, Paterson walked with the boy to the edge of the road, twenty or thirty feet back from the car.

"You see anything?"

"Nothing. Nothing here."

"You see fire?"

"Fire? No fire."

Paterson arched his two hands over his eyes and stared down. The sun created dancing blisters of light. If you looked long enough, he thought, you could get caught up by the oddest hallucinations.

"You stay here and I'll come back."

"No good, Patson sir. No good staying here!"

"Just stay here and watch."

"No good Patson sir!"

"I'll be back in half an hour. Watch for fire."

"Fire, Patson sir? Nothing here. No fire."

"Stay and watch. Is there a path?"

"No path, Patson sir. Nothing."

"No way down?"

"No way down. Nothing. No fire."

"Stay and watch."

"Patson sir!" The boy pleaded for a single second, with the most frigid, troubled smile, not to be left there. It seemed to thunder through him for an instant that Paterson might never come back. He seemed to stiffen for a moment where he stood, smilingly transfixed, mutely and awfully obedient in the face of this shattering possibility.

NEXT moment the car drove off. Tuesday stood watching it glitter down the road in the sunlight as if he were seeing it for the last time. It disappeared beyond gaunt projections of yellow-brown rock. Dust rose in a sulphur-white column and poured down in front of his face, cutting off everything about him in sunshot fog until slowly it settled on the road, the rocks and his own body, still clad in the football shirt.

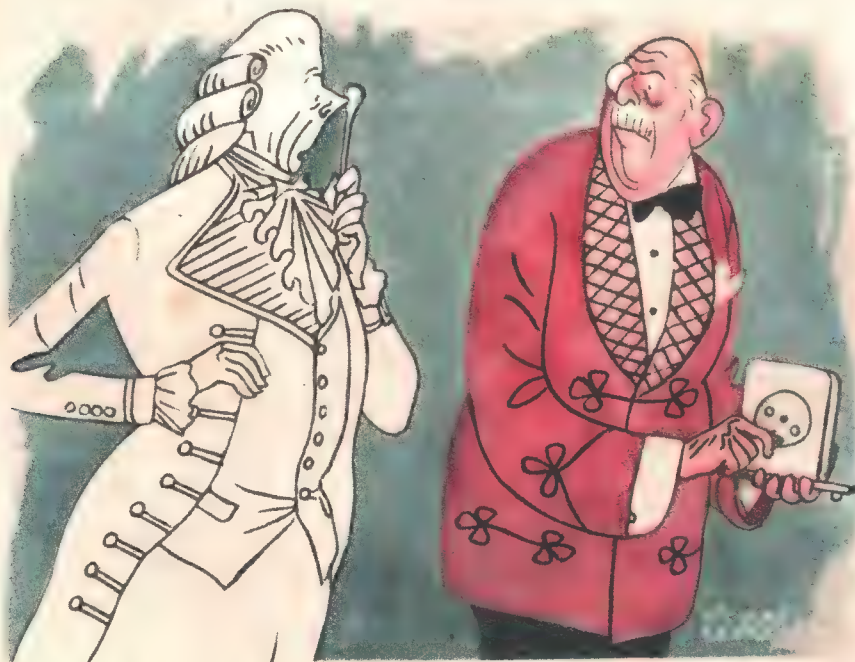
Half an hour later, when Paterson came back, he was still lying flat on his stomach by the road. His body had something of the shocked rigidity of a sniper.

Slowly he pointed down at the convulsive white heat with one finger, and Paterson, who had given up the thought of anything happening, stooped down.

"See something?"

"Down there, Patson," the boy said. "Look down." He lifted the finger and aimed it at the mass of bamboo below with practical accuracy.

"Look, Patson," he said. "See? Down there." He was smiling again. "A little fire."



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C.R.C. 247

A LIFE OF ONE'S OWN

by H. E. L. MELLERSH

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY HERBERT

HE WAS BORN in lovely simplicity yet within a stone's-throw of a sort of bright oasis of artificiality; a country inn that had become popular. Jacquita, the innkeeper's small daughter, had christened this baby swan with the simple downright name of Tom—and had perhaps done better by the bird than had her own parents by her.

On this stretch of the quiet river that ran so slowly and graciously through the meadows were but one pair of swans. Most years they had a brood, making their untidy nest on the mud bank just where the river met the buttresses of the grey bridge.

There were only five eggs that hatched this spring—a small brood. Tom sat on the solid conglomeration of weeds that swept into this corner, and preened and preened his brown-grey fluff with his little gunmetal beak. Sometimes he fell over with the energy of his preening, but he immediately got up again and went on.

Jacquita found them early and took favoured visitors down to the end of the riverside tea gardens to see them.

Girls with scarves round their heads, and with pink nails and red lips, said how *sweet* they were. And young men in knife-edge flannels stopped talking about racing cars and even looked, too.

The five little swans had no objections to all this—so long as there were some scraps of food with all the talk. They were already foraging for themselves, too, and acquiring great skill in swimming. Tom was the first to find delight in exercising his growing skill by darting among the feathery ends of a great ash tree that bent down to the river.

But if Tom was the most adventurous he was not the most foolhardy. He knew the value of his mother's protection against that arch-enemy of baby swans, the rat. And on the day that the men with a queer rhythmic motion cut the weeds and great masses of hacked-off stuff came floating down, it was not Tom who was nearly cut off by it.

TOM's first tragedy came when he was little more than a month old. He lived in a serenely beautiful world where tragedy seemed scarcely capable of rearing a sudden head. It is hardly possible that he realized this serenity, yet he must surely have sucked up a sort of calm steadfastness for himself from it all. The perfect reflections in those quiet waters were for him a normality.

But the tragedy happened on land. A succulent patch of mud lay near a bridge, which was easier to reach by crossing a road. Dozens of times his mother had led them across and never had there been an accident, not because she sought to avoid the traffic but rather that by her downright directness she had made the traffic avoid her.

But this time perhaps it was a driver who thought of other things, or one who wished to save a couple of minutes.

It was all over so terribly promptly, a microcosmic drama of swiftness and silence. All the five brown cygnets heard the sound of the approaching tyre; only three fluttered quickly enough. There were two pitiful and obscene patches on the road. The car went on.

The mother did not go back to examine her dead babies. She looked long at the disappearing car; she did not even hiss at it. But a sensitive observer might well have seen a concentrated malediction in that long stare. Tom for some time watched his mother staring. Then he went on with his feeding—which was the purpose of the trip.

Tom had need to obey that instinct to feed. It is the rule of his kind to grow amazingly and prodigiously, to become

As summer passed, Tom grew increasingly restless. Instinct told him that events were working up to a crisis. When it came he knew what he had to do



Suddenly, his father rushed at him. The powerful wings were outstretched with horrible, silent intention

in six months comparable in size to his mother and father. He and his sisters saw to it that they did so.

They swam very often now along the edge of the inn's tea gardens to pick up bread, biscuits, cake; all through that golden summer they fed at the expense of the noisy, extravagant guests. They fared indeed better than their parents—they had grown graceful and, if there was no dazzling glory in their feathers, there was a sort of youthful beauty in their dull sheen of purple-brown.

Many of the human beings were afraid of the grown swans, too—the old cob, Tom's father, had a habit of stretching out his neck disconcertingly far and nipping with the file-edge of his yellow beak thin-clad or non-clad ankles.

"You all be careful!" warned the old gardener a hundred times. "When I was a youngster I got pulled in and well-nigh drowned. Ugly customers, them is, when they means it."

And then the autumn came; and then the winter.

The gay crowds, with nothing better to do than give away their food, ceased

entirely. Life became harder. Tom learnt to catch little fishes as well as insects, learnt to eat even grass as well as water weeds.

And almost entirely he ceased to grow. He wasted no energy—swimming-play was gone; for that matter the branches that came down to the water were bare and unexciting. Like all nature around him, Tom was dull, and withdrawn in upon himself. Life within him was piped down—waiting.

And then in the spring another brood began to come. For six weeks Tom's mother sat on her nest and his father was busy fending for them both. The last-year cygnets were almost completely forgotten; they were merely allowed to stay and sleep near to the nest.

But if the parents showed no sign as yet of recognizing adolescence in their earlier brood, there was certainly realization of it among the three survivors themselves. Tom now definitely began to take the lead.

He was the finest of the three, and knew it. It was he who led the way when the visitors began to come again; it was

he who took the initiative sometimes to clamber out on to the grass—to cause quite a stir among these people, who seemed so much to need something to distract them and to be amused by so little.

Tom was becoming conscious, too, of his growth. The dull brown was leaving him, first on his neck, then on those great wings of his, to give place there to longer feathers of pure white. Before the year was out Tom would be a full-grown swan.

But, before Tom enacted his own drama of adolescence, he was to witness a drama in which his father was the principal actor—the significance of which he failed signally to see. The other actor was a strange swan who came flapping down on to their water from the sky.

He soon flapped off again, this interloper, with Tom's irate father after him. But then in the roadway the strange swan turned, and a silent, deadly battle followed. It held up the traffic; the bright-coloured inn guests hadn't seen anything so thrilling in all their lives.

Some of them were frightened. Those

flail-like wings were terrifying. The old gardener did not allay their fears. "Fight to the death they will," he said. "Fierce things they are when they're fightin' for their territory."

The guests prevailed upon him at last to interfere. He headed off the smaller and more exhausted swan, which was the visitor—and carried it away to safety.

Tom, if he had seen no significance in the fight, had been vastly excited. He held himself proudly in the water afterwards and bullied his two sisters. But he kept clear of his father.

As the summer passed Tom became increasingly restless. Now he often spread out his new white wings upon the water. He had used them yet neither as weapons nor as instruments of flight to carry him; nevertheless, instinct made him very proud of them. He showed them off to his sisters; he showed them off to little Jacquita and the inn guests. He even found himself showing off to his mother.

It was after a bout of this last that Tom's deadly surprise came. With outspread terrific wings, with a horrible silent intention, his father rushed at him.

Tom did not put up a very good fight—something seemed to tell him that it was of no use, even that it was not right, to resist as well as he might.

Tom, like all young swans, needed an emergency to make him fly for the first time. It had come now. With his blood racing and his heart pounding wildly, more from excitement than fear of his father, Tom suddenly turned and beat his wings purposefully for flight. Slowly, slowly—as an aeroplane rises, needing a long take-off—he rose into the air.

But the inn lay in front of Tom, with its tall old chimneys. The tip and the forepart of one of Tom's wings caught one of those chimneys; with a clatter, but no other noise from him, he fell, headlong and awkward, into the courtyard.

Guests rushed. Jacquita screamed with excitement. Everybody crowded round the prostrate bird.

The old gardener took care of Tom for that evening. "Not much wrong with him," he reported. "Seems to 'ave made 'isselt at 'ome 'ere for the time being."

The next day, he was very quiet and calm, and he ate all that was given to him. Tom knew what he was doing, and he had the strength to be patient.

The next morning, when the old gardener, after bringing food, made to shut the gate, he found the bird sedately following him. He sat down on one of the many seats on the lawn and watched.

Tom walked with the clumsy gait of the swan on land. Then he quietly slipped into the water. He was majestic there. Then he was suddenly a thing of tremendous and of puissant energy. His wings hit the water with the noise of flails. Spray flew on either side. Then Tom had left the water and was soaring upwards and upwards and out of sight.

He had no regrets, and at the moment no memories. His father, his mother, his sisters even, were all forgotten.

Tom flew strongly across the countryside, looking for new and fresh waterways. He did not know at all what adventures, what fights, whether victory and a mate or death and defeat, lay before him. But he was not worrying. He was fulfilling his purpose. He flew on.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

The 1949 full benefits and conditions appear in next week's issue



While dead writers are revered, living ones are seldom respected

Put your heart into it!

by HERBERT HODGE

AT LAST I've found the short answer to readers who ask me for advice about writing. I can now tell them to spend fifteen shillings on a book. In this book they will find something far more useful than I can put on a postcard; what sixty-eight of the world's greatest writers have said about the subject—from Shakespeare to Somerset Maugham.

Anyone, I think, who likes reading will find it an absorbing book—if only to discover what some of his favourite authors have thought about their own work. It's called *Writers on Writing*. The author is Walter Allen, and it is published by Phoenix House.

My own sympathies went in a rush to Charles Dickens. I happened to open the book at a page where he is

explaining in a letter to a Mrs. Winter why he can't possibly see her.

"It is only half-an-hour"—It is only an afternoon—"It is only an evening," people say to me over and over again; but they don't know that . . . the mere consciousness of an engagement will sometimes worry a whole day.

"These are the penalties for writing books. Whoever is devoted to an art must be content to deliver himself wholly up to it, and find his recompense in it."

I myself have often said I'll put a notice on both front and back doors, stating firmly: "Keep Out. Man at Work." But my wife won't let me.

Besides, nobody believes that what I do is work. People will tread softly at the mere mention of a dead writer, but they can seldom see the point of allowing peace and privacy to a living one.

Finding the Right Word

When it comes to the actual task of writing, my blood-brother is Flaubert, painfully struggling for the right word. "You don't know what it is," he tells George Sand, "to stay a whole day with your head in your hands trying to squeeze your unfortunate brain so as to find a word."

But when the result is a great novel like *Madame Bovary*, the reader, at least, feels the agony was worth while.

One thing I feel fairly certain of. Almost anyone can put his or her thoughts and feelings clearly and simply on paper if they take enough time and trouble over it. Few of us have the inventive gift of the great storytellers, but we can nearly all write

JOHN BULL December 11 1948
a good essay, if we put our mind to it—and especially if we put our heart into it.

When I first laboured to write essays, and "pieces for the papers," an experienced journalist told me to write exactly as if I were writing a letter to a friend. In giving me that advice he handed me the whole secret.

When you write to a friend you don't try to put on airs, you don't try to hide yourself behind a barrier of noble sentiments, and you don't try to "talk posh." You aren't even thinking of such things.

All you're thinking about is opening your mind and heart to him—putting your thoughts on paper in the simplest and most direct way you can.

Love Letter Technique

If a letter to a friend is a good model, a letter to a lover is an even better one. Here is an example quoted in Mrs. A. M. W. Sterling's biography of William de Morgan. It was found on the beach at Sidmouth in 1887—dropped, perhaps, by the girl it was addressed to. Kitchenmaid? Housemaid? Nursemaid? Nobody knows.

"My Dearest Marey,—i be very well and appey to inform you that i be very well at present and i hope you be the same dear Marey—i be very sorry to hear how as you dont like your quarters as i shant be able to look on your dear face as i have done dearest dearest Marey, pure and holy meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon. Dear Marey, dear Marey i hant got now know partler noose to tell ye at present but my sister that marryd have got sich a nice lettel babey, and i wish how as that our littel affare was settled and we had got such a nice lettel dear two.

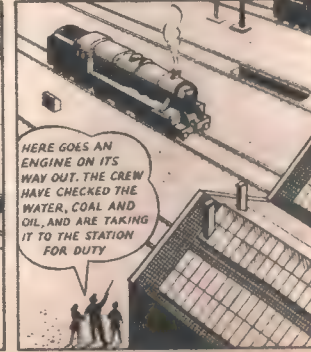
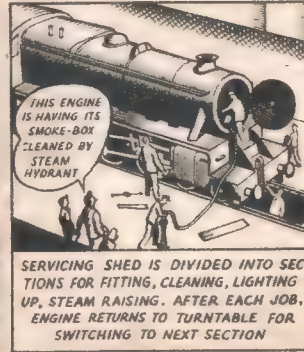
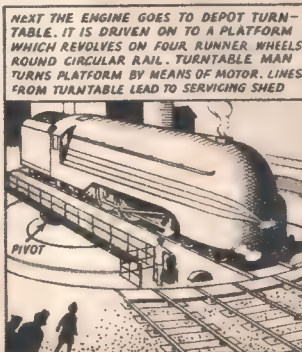
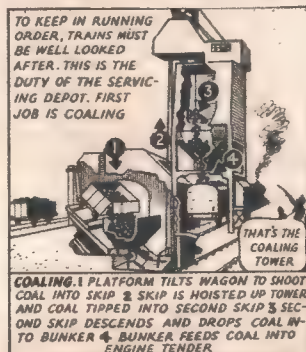
"Dearest Marey . . . i be coming over to-morrow to by the Ring and you must come to the stayshun to mete me and bring a pese of string with you the sieze of your finggar and be sure you don't make A miss take dear Marey.

"Father is A going to get us a beddsted and Granny A 5 lb note to by such as washing stand fier irons mouse trap and Sope, and wee must wayte till wee can by carpetting and glass crackery ware and chiny. Dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon i be very appey to say our old Sow As got 7 young uns last nite and Father is a going to get us a roosester for our Weding Brakefast Dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon. So no more at present from your fewture and loving husband.

William Taylor."

Literary education, style, grammar, spelling—the writer of that letter obviously had none of these. But if the sensation I get in my throat whenever I read it is anything to go by, he did have the secret of all great writing—the power to pass on to the reader the emotion he felt in his heart.

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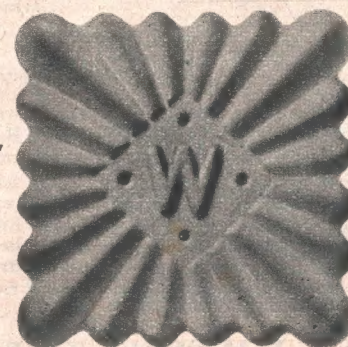
MACKESON'S STOUT sets you up wonderfully



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Weston's Dainty Fare

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Weston's

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IN ATTRACTIVE COMPACTS 1/2
REFILLS 10½d



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SUGAR
CLOVES**

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1 measure sugar or syrup
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ADDRESS.....





FRIDAY is THRILL DAY

ONE recent Friday a telegraph boy brought to bus inspector J. N. Smith what he called the thrill of a lifetime. This was the wire which JOHN BULL sends each Friday to the latest First Prize-winner in *Bullets*.

"I was at home getting ready to go on duty that afternoon," we heard from this forty-six year old reader, of 65 Grasville Road, Trammere. "As soon as I saw the word 'Bulleter' on the envelope, I knew my dreams had come true."

Our telegram of congratulations to the winner of this week's fine 2-in-1 First Prize will be the last dispatched in 1948. If you want that thrilling message on New Year's Eve, be sure you post your coupon by Monday, December 20.

RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated January 8, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD No. 608 RESULT

WINNING WORDS, ACROSS: 1. Better. 3. Win. 4. Vapid. 7. Shops. 8. Mum. 9. Wiggled. 12. Teams. 13. Ganger. DOWN: 1. Bobble. 2. Tiles. 3. Wife. 5. Corps. 6. Sough. 10. Pag. 11. Bam.

THREE 100 SHARERS: H. J. Francis, 10 Cedar Court, Eltham, S.E.9; Miss H. Leach, 1 Albert Street, Runcorn, Cheshire; R. Thurston, 18 Lea House Road, Stirlchley, Birmingham.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 61 entrants. In addition the 64 Winners and Runners-up receive 6lb. Xmas Feasts.



THE PRIZE RADIOGRAM, a Portogram product in figured walnut, combines a superb 5-valve 3-wave Radio and a Gramophone of glorious tone. Truly a millionaire's instrument—a thing of beauty and a joy to listen to!

MORE HOUSEHOLD PRIZES for XWORDS

Awards value up to

£100 1st Prize **£250** and Awards

value £25 amongst Runners-up. ★ Grand prize with each Award value £1 and over—a 100-piece Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Service!

THIS WAY TO WIN

USEFUL cheques have been won by 26 readers in the last 10 Crossword contests; work out now that puzzle below and you may win not only a cheque but one of the 100-piece Services such as have been received by 29 competitors.

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

"Bullets" Winners 1,656

FIRST PRIZE, £250: W. H. Pickard, 163 Upperton Road, Leicester:

MEANT TO BE MORE THAN "INITIAL" COMBINATION, UNO

SECOND PRIZE, £25: Mrs. L. Jones, 61 Mulgrave Street, Liverpool, 8: SOMEBODY BLUNDERED AND — OFFICIALS RAFFLED THE BLAME!

THIRD PRIZE, £10: T. Jones, 59 Canada Road, Gabalfa, Cardiff: MAN OF ACTION—MAKES TIME DO OVERTIME.

OTHER AWARDS: £9: G. Critchley, 6 Stalbridge Road, Crews: MEANT TO BE ANOTHER — "RADIANT MOTHER," PRINCESS PEACE. £8: C. H. Cooke, 33 Urban Road, Sale, Manchester: ON THE RAILS—VILLAGE PANTOMIME, THEN CURTAIN! £7: B. E. Davis, 91 Warrington Road, Lower Ince, Wigan: SOMEBODY BLUNDERED AND — EXPORTED OFFICIALS' CAR! £6: S. Brooker, Osler Pavilion, Manor Road, Headington: MEANT TO BE READ—NOT FED. LIBRARY BOOK.

FIVE of £5: M. Allen, 5 Oak Road, Bournemouth: AT THE CROSSROADS—FOUR PUBS—Dad's Safe! F. L. Drinkwater, 63 Plantation Road, Oxford: SONNY'S MOUSE — TRAINED — FETCHES NEIGHBOUR'S CHEESE! F. Jackson, "Wingrove," South Bank, Chichester: DROP OF EXTRA — PALACE MILKMAN CHEERFULLY ADDS. S. S. Parfitt, 40 Allen Street, Mountain Ash: SONNY'S MOUSE—EXPLORING CLASSROOM—COLUMBUS IGNORED! B. W. Ryall, 42 Dewhurst Road, W. Kensington, W.14: BOTH THE ROLLING-PINS—REVELLER'S "OLIVE-BRANCH" COULDN'T PARRY!

Above 12 winners also receive 14-lb. Christmas Parcels. Winners of 20 further Parcels and 100 Cakes have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" posted.

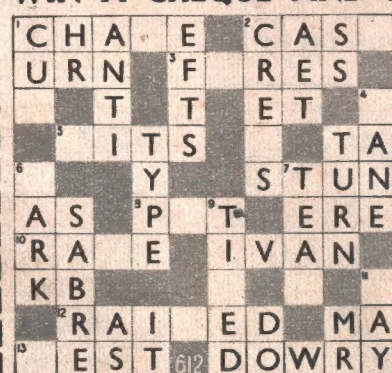
Across Clues

1. If young rascal snowballs irascible old gent, the latter is likely to
2. You can't get much more from it when it is really spent
3. Some are put out all too easily
4. There's a touch of the dramatic in the lives of those who live by these
5. Timid one may prove disappointing
6. There's a hope that this will improve
7. How much it did this would naturally have affected fête's balance-sheet
8. Even if mischievous, one may create no end of fun

Down Clues

1. Sportsman likes a good tip for this
2. Fond of water
3. There may be a special reason for combing one
4. Fewer people feel quite up to this on Boxing Day
5. Poor service occasionally holds up
6. Bns drivers must be this as such
7. Given a simple little job, there are some who are likely to make this of it

WIN A CHEQUE AND 100-in-1 PRIZE!



In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to two Clues will represent four full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to three Clues will represent eight full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated January 8.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

612 Closing Postmark

MON., DEC. 20

I enclose P.O. value

No.

Signed

Address

No.

LAST WINNER'S TELEGRAM of 1948

heralding award of Prizes value over

£500

£250 1st Prize plus

£55 RADIOGRAM

£25 2nd Prize—£10 3rd Prize

£9, £8, £7, £6, 5 of £5

50 MYSTERY PRIZES each value 30s.

1,000 "Good Shots," with £10 Opportunity

4-lb. CAKES & PLUM PUDDINGS

Enter eight or more *Bullets* and your Mystery Prize will be accompanied by fine Double Bonus—a 4-lb. Fruit Cake and 2-lb. Plum Pudding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Britain's Policy
Question Of The Age
To Us

Scientific Columbus
Thirsting For Power
No Man

In The Red
A Wizard
Bright And Beautiful

Spice Of Life
Hunting
Pity The Doctor When

Relic Of The Past
Left Him
Fanning The Flames

Auntie's Lodger
A Bit Wintry
Sticky End

New Official
She Smelt A Rat And

Incomplete "Examples"
—see instructions

The ... Went On, But
Won't Be.....

Begging For.....
Idol Of The.....
Infernal.....
Got.....Guessing

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,660 (or Xword 612) "John Bull," "Longacre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crosswords help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Jan. 8, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

STICK 473	
2d. STAMP here to get help of <i>Bulletin</i> and <i>Gazette</i> dated Jan. 8, containing THRILLING NEW "BULLETS" OFFER	
If this is your first specimen copy please mark x here	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EX.	
B.	
EX.	
B.	
EX.	
B.	
Fee: 1s. for 4 or 6d. for 2 <i>Bullets</i> —plain paper efforts same rate.	
Closing Postmark, 1,660 MON. DEC. 20	Signed
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value	Address
No.	

Write to John Bull About It

John Bull's expert advisers help to solve readers' personal problems. Answers on points of general interest will be published each week

Child Adoption

Mrs. P. (Sheffield): Since you wish to adopt a child, the best plan is for you and your husband to make a joint application to an adoption society. Ask for an official form, mention the age and sex of the child you want to adopt, give a few details of your financial position and make clear exactly why you wish to adopt a child. There are likely to be long waiting lists.

Draw the Line

J. R. (Nottingham): If sometimes your wife laughs at your little daughter for showing off and at other times spansks her for doing the same thing, the child is naturally bewildered. What children like best from adults is not unlimited freedom but a consistent code which they can understand and rely on. This gives them a sense of security; they "know where they are." A problem often exists when life in the home is very strict and life in the nursery school is "free-and-easy." Or the other way round. It would be to children's advantage if parents and teachers got together and agreed on a uniform policy.

Unmarried Mother

A. R. (Southampton): If the court grants an affiliation order against the soldier concerned, his pay can be stopped up to the amount ordered, provided he is left with a certain minimum. In the absence of such an order, the War Office has no power to deduct money from a soldier's pay as a contribution towards an illegitimate child's upkeep. The War Office will not disclose a soldier's address except to a solicitor or to the police to enable legal proceedings to be instituted or a process to be served.

Trade Mark

H. G. (Neath): Application forms for a trade mark may be obtained by post from the Controller of Stamps, Bush House, Strand, London, W.C.2. The initial stamp duty is £1 plus £2 on completion. A trade mark must be an invented word or words with no direct reference to the character or quality of the goods. It must not be a geographical name or a surname.

Working Student

T. M. (Lancaster): If a student has any insurable employment or self-employment in addition to his studies, contributions must be paid in accordance with the usual procedure and he will need a contribution card if he has not already got one. A student up to the age of eighteen should apply for a card to the Youth Employment Office; if over that age, to the nearest employment exchange.

Thanks!

B. G. (Warrington) writes: "Thank you for your efforts in getting my son's voluntary allotment. I have now had a full settlement from the Paymaster after twelve months of being told that inquiries were being made into the matter. I do appreciate your help in obtaining what was due to me."

Readers' queries (except medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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• SPLENDID for CLEANING HANDS
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For the first time in the past nine years seats may be reserved on many of the express trains.

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There will be extra trains during the holiday period.

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Brand
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Alex. C. Maclean



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when healthy kidney action has relieved rheumatic pains, backache and urinary troubles

"I don't worry I take Doan's."



MISCHIEF soon starts when the action of the kidneys slackens and permits excess uric acid and other harmful impurities to remain in the blood.

Possibly you feel tired, miserable and depressed; your back aching, muscles and joints stiff and sore. You may be bothered by lumbago, rheumatic pains or the common urinary disorders due to sluggish kidney action.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Thousands of healthy men and women testify that this well known kidney medicine has relieved these trying ailments. Why not let Doan's do the same for you?

1/7, 3/9½, 6/4 Ask your chemist for

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills



A joy to see and a treat to use,
these new gas cookers!

So flexible that the same burner
will boil a kettle in 3 minutes,
or simmer a stew for 3 hours.

So well under control that
your dinner will cook itself
while you do the shopping.

So simple to clean
that a wipe with a damp cloth
keeps them spotless.

That's why we say . . .

Handsome is
and handsome does
—that's the
GAS idea!



GAS FOR SPEED—full heat instantly at the turn of a tap for boiling, frying and grilling.



GAS FOR CLEANLINESS—smooth rounded corners, streamlined burner plates, and gleaming stain-proof enamel.



GAS FOR EASE OF CONTROL—heat at the turn of a tap to suit every cooking job—a quick cup of tea or a long, slow, low simmer. No fuel wasted!



GAS FOR AUTOMATIC COOKING—set the oven heat control and your dinner will cook without attention, and without fear of spoiling.

"This New
SUPER OXYDOL
simply amazes me!"



says Mrs. E. Smith
of 39 Ocean Rd., Walney Island,
Barrow-in-Furness

Mrs. Smith, married 8 years, with one child of 5, keeps her "prefab" home spotless. "I always ask for Super Oxydol at the shop" she says "it really is a wonderful soap powder."

Here's why:

YOU see what Mrs. Smith says, lady? Well, she's only one. The fact is, thousands and thousands of housewives are asking for this wonderful new Super Oxydol now. Why? Because they've found in actual use, that the new Super Oxydol gives nearly twice as much lather. Does nearly twice as much washing, too. And they've proved for themselves that *only Super Oxydol has this amazing new power.*

There's lots more about this new Super Oxydol. First, it contains no bleach or harsh chemicals of any kind. Then, its amazing new kind of lather goes on easing out every last possible speck of dirt until your whites are whiter than they were ever washed before. Colours brighter, too. And it's so gentle your clothes last wash after wash. Make sure you ask for Super Oxydol first every time.



1 IT GIVES NEARLY TWICE THE LATHER



2 IT DOES NEARLY TWICE THE WASH



3 IT GETS WHITES WHITER WITHOUT BLEACHING!

NEW SUPER OXYDOL

GIVES MORE LATHER CONTAINS NO BLEACH!